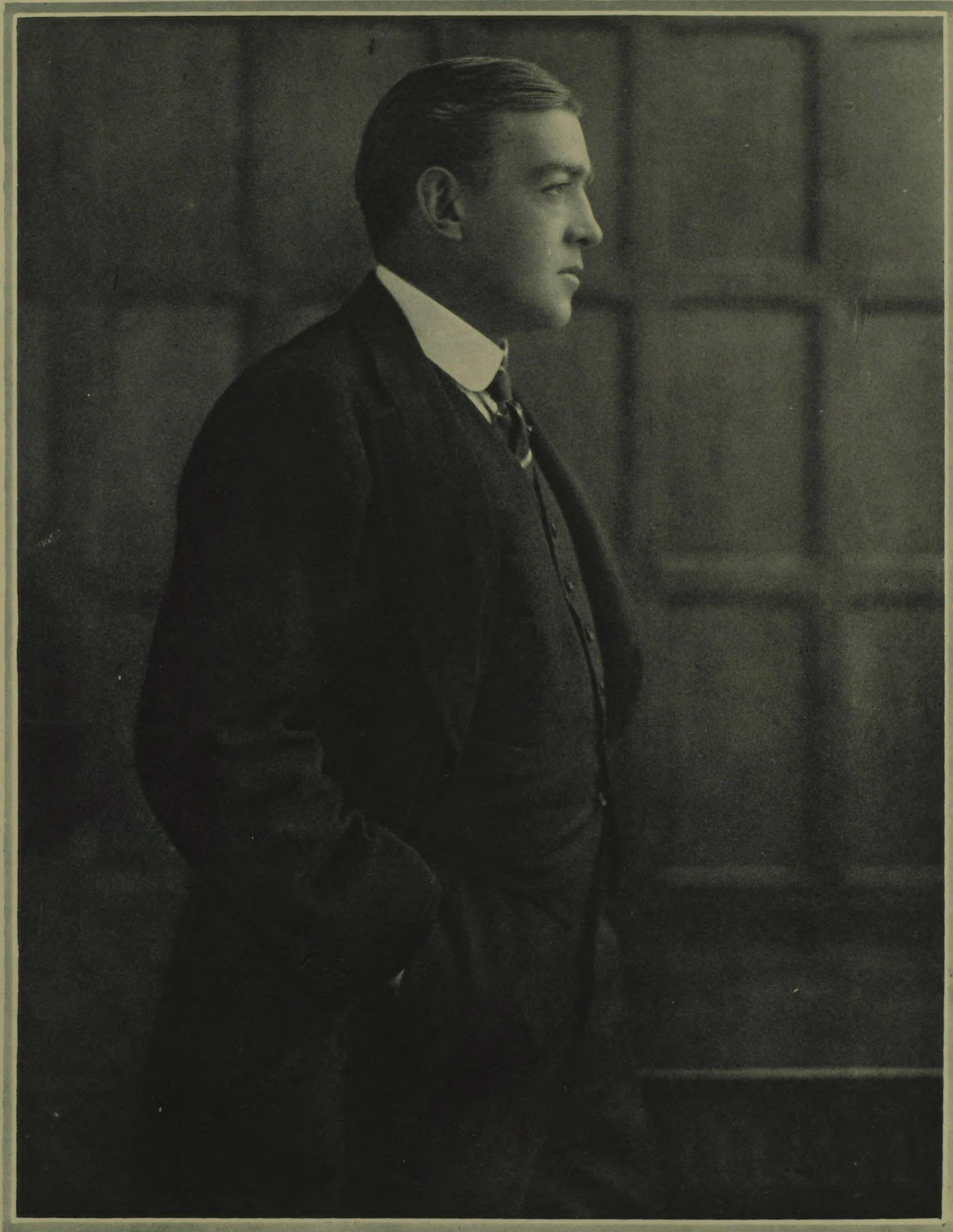


THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 4, 1922.

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**"NEVER FOR ME THE LOWERED BANNER, NEVER THE LOST ENDEAVOUR": THE LATE SIR ERNEST SHACKLETON,
THE GREAT ANTARCTIC EXPLORER.**

On January 30 came the sad news that Sir Ernest Shackleton died suddenly from heart failure in his ship, the "Quest," on January 5, while off South Georgia on his latest voyage of exploration to the Antarctic. His first expedition thither was with Scott in the "Discovery" in 1901-2. In 1907 he went South again in command of the "Nimrod," and got within a hundred miles of the South Pole, the nearest point reached up to that time. His third venture, in the "Endurance" accompanied by the "Aurora," started in 1914,

and was memorable for Shackleton's heroic rescue of his marooned comrades on Elephant Island. The "Quest" left London on September 17 last. On December 18, Shackleton wrote from Rio to his friend and financial backer, Mr. John Quiller Rowett: "All the work is done, and we are going. The next you will hear will be, please God, success. Should anything happen in the ice, it will have nothing to do with anything wrong with the ship. The ship is all right. . . . 'Never for me the lowered banner, Never the lost endeavour.'"

PHOTOGRAPH BY SPEAIGHT.



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

ALL wise men will agree that history ought to be taught more fully in the form of world-history. In that respect at least Mr. Wells gave us an excellent working model. England is meaningless without Europe, more meaningless than England without Empire. But those who would broaden history with human brotherhood too often suffer from a limitation not absent even from Mr. Wells. They exchange the narrowness of a nation for the narrowness of a theory, or even a fad. They think they have a world-wide philosophy because they extend their own narrowness to the whole world. A distinguished professor, who is a member of the League of Nations Union, has been telling an interviewer what he thinks history-books should teach. And it seems to me that, according to his view if correctly reported, the new histories would be rather more prejudiced and limited than the old.

He begins with a small but singular error, which itself shows some lack of the imagination that can see two sides of a question. He says, "Text books of history should aim at truth. It should not be possible for one version of the American War of Independence to be taught in American schools, and another in English schools."

Now, in point of fact, the same version of that story is taught both in English and American schools. It is the other version, a very tenable one, that is not allowed to be taught anywhere. No American historian, however American, could be more positive that George III. was wrong and George Washington right than all the English historians are. What would show real independence of mind would be to state the case for George III. And there was a very real case for George III. I will not go into it here, but every honest historical student will agree with me. Perhaps the fairest way of putting it is this: that it was not really a case of a government resolved on tyranny, but of a nation resolved on independence.

But if we sympathise with national independence, surely there is something to be said for intellectual independence. And the professor is far from being really sympathetic with intellectual independence. He is so far from it that he wants both sides forced to tell the same story, apparently whether they like it or not. As a fact, they do agree; but apparently in any case the professor would coerce them into agreement. And his extraordinary reason for this course is that history should aim at truth.

But suppose I do aim at truth, and sincerely come to the conclusion that North was a patriot and Burke a sophist? How would the professor prevent it being "possible" for me to teach what I think is true? The truth is that it has never occurred to these progressive professors that there could be any view of any question except their own, or what they call their own. For it is only a tradition they have been taught; a tradition as narrow as North's and now nearly as old.

But the professor goes on to say something much more interesting and curious. After saying very truly that the past, the Plantagenet period, for instance, should not be made a mere matter of kings and battles, he goes on to say, "What we want to see is the text-book of history and the teaching of it brought more closely into touch with the realities of the modern world—the world of the division of labour between different countries, of the application of science to industry, of the shortening of the spaces of the earth by improvements in transport—and with all that these realities imply."

Now it seems to me obvious that what we want is exactly the opposite. A child can see these realities of the modern world, whether he is taught any history or not. He will see them whether you want him to or not. As he grows up he will learn by experience all about the improvements in transport, its acceleration by Zeppelins and its interruption by submarines. He will realise for

which to demonstrate that there are really such things as tube stations or motor-bicycles. The child can see these things everywhere, and the real danger obviously is that he should think they had existed always. The danger is that he should know nothing of humanity, except as it is under these special and sometimes cramping conditions of scientific industry and the division of labour. It is that he should be unable to imagine any civilisation without tube stations, whatever its substitutes in the way of temples or trophies of war. It is that he should see man as a sort of cyclist-centaur, inseparable from his motor-bike. In short, the whole danger of historical ignorance is that he may be as limited to his local circumstances as a savage on an island, or a provincial in a decayed town, or a historical professor in the League of Nations Union.

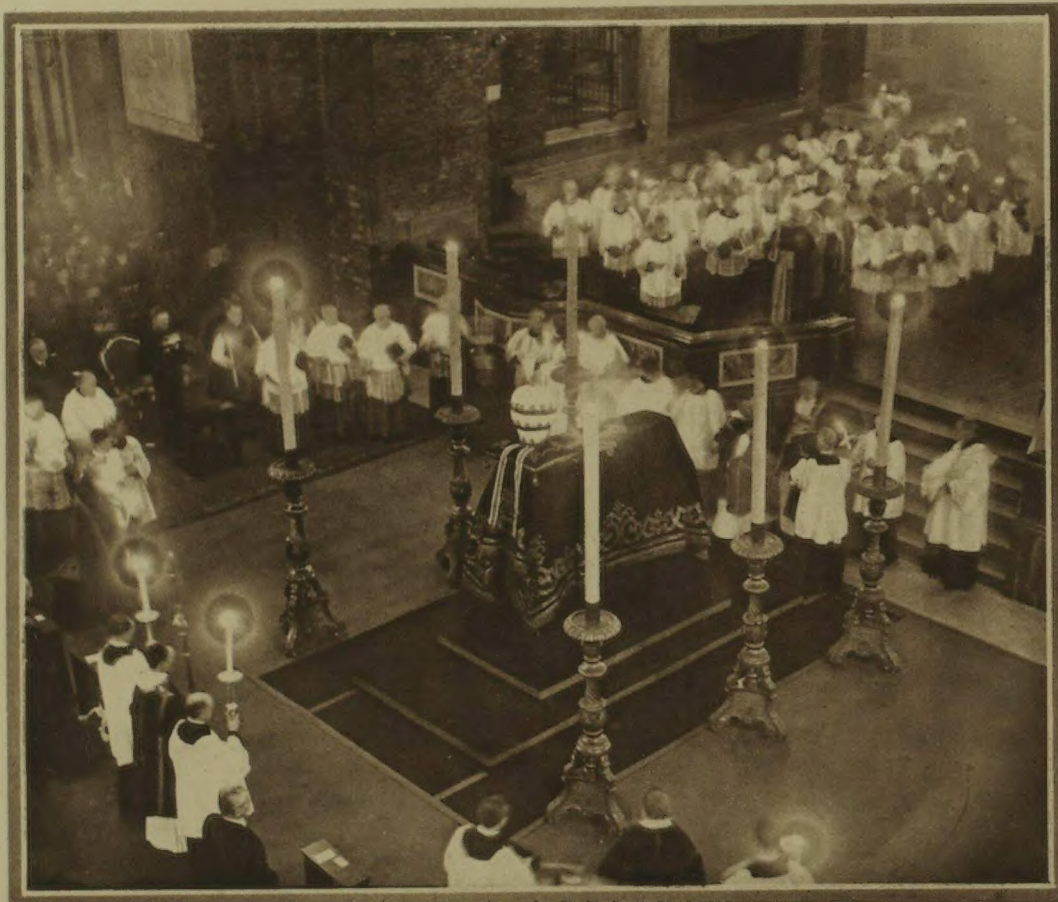
The whole object of history is to enlarge experience by imagination. And this sort of history would enlarge neither imagination nor experience.

The whole object of history is to make us realise that humanity could be great and glorious, under conditions quite different and even contrary to our own. It is to teach us that men could achieve most profitable labour without our own division of labour. It is to teach us that men could be industrious without being industrial. It is to make us understand that there might be a world in which there was far less improvement in the transport for visiting various places, and there might still be a very great improvement in the places visited.

The professor is perfectly right in saying that a history of the Plantagenet period ought not merely to record the succession of kings and battles. But what ought it to record? Is it to record only the absence of motors and electric lights? Should we say nothing of the Plantagenet period except that it did not have motor-bikes? I venture to suggest that we might record the presence of some things which the whole people had then and have not

got now, such as the guilds, the great popular universities, the use of the common lands, the fraternity of the common creed.

I fear the professor will not follow me into matters so disturbing to his perfect picture of progress. But, in conclusion, there is one little question I should like to ask him, and it is this. If you cannot see Man, divine and democratic, under the disguises of all the centuries, why on earth should you suppose you will be able to see him under the disguises of all the nations and tribes? If the Dark Ages must be as dark as they look, why are the black men not so black as they are painted? If I may feel supercilious towards a Chaldean, why not towards a Chinaman? If I may despise a Roman for not having a steam-plough, why not a Russian for not wanting a steam-plough? If scientific industry is the supreme historical test, it divides us as much from backward peoples as from bygone peoples. It divides even European peoples from each other. And if that be the test, why bother to join the League of Nations Union?



THE ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH IN BRITAIN MOURNS THE DEATH OF THE POPE: THE REQUIEM MASS FOR HIS HOLINESS BENEDICT XV. IN WESTMINSTER CATHEDRAL.

A Requiem Mass for the late Pope was celebrated in Westminster Cathedral on January 27. A catafalque covered with a black velvet pall stood beneath the Great Rood, and on the pall rested the Papal Tiara, a tall white head-dress shaped like a beehive with three golden crowns. The King was represented by the Duke of Atholl, Queen Alexandra by Lord Howe, and the Prime Minister by Sir Philip Sassoon. The Mass was celebrated by Bishop Butt. Cardinal Bourne had gone to Rome for the election of a new Pope.—[Photograph by L.N.A.]

himself that the modern world is the world of the division of labour between nations. For he will know that England has been turned into an isolated workshop with hardly food enough for a fortnight, with the potential alternative of surrender or starvation or eating nails. He will by the light of nature know all about the application of science to industry—in war by chemical analyses of poison gas, in peace by bright little pamphlets about phosphy jaw. He will know "all that these realities imply," about which also there is very much that might be said. But even if we consider only the somewhat cheerier products of the division of labour and the application of science to industry, there is quite a little need laboriously to instruct the infant in what he can see for himself. A child has a very pure and poetical love of machinery, a love in which there is nothing in the least evil or materialistic. But it is hardly necessary to devote years to proving to him that motor-cars have been invented, as he can see them going by in the street. It is not necessary to read up in the British Museum the details with

PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY LAFAYETTE, ELLIOTT AND FRY, ROL, VANDYK, C.N., AND TOPICAL.



A GREAT DOMESTIC ARCHITECT: THE LATE MR. ERNEST NEWTON, R.A.



THE FRENCH EX-MINISTER OF FOOD CLEARS HIS HONOUR: M. ERNEST VILGRAIN (SINCE ACQUITTED) BEFORE THE COURT-MARTIAL.



THE COMPOSER OF "FUNICULI, FUNICULA" DEAD: THE LATE SIGNOR LUIGI DENZA.

ELECTED CHAIRMAN OF THE CITY OF LONDON SCHOOL: MR. H. ROPER BARRETT.



CHIEF FINANCIAL BACKER OF THE SHACKLETON EXPEDITION: MR. JOHN QUILLER ROWETT.



ELECTED CHAIRMAN OF THE SEAMEN'S HOSPITAL SOCIETY: SIR ARTHUR CLARKE.



CARRYING ON THE SHACKLETON ANTARCTIC EXPEDITION AFTER HIS CHIEF'S DEATH: COMMANDER FRANK WILD—A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN SHORTLY BEFORE THE START.



A PIONEER OF AERONAUTICS: THE LATE MR. E. P. FROST.



ARCHITECTS FALL OUT: SIR CHARLES RUTHEN, RESIGNED.



A FAMOUS SCULPTOR: THE LATE STEPHAN SINDING.



A £20,000 PRIZE FOR A CANCER CURE: LORD ATHOLSTAN.



A DIRECTOR OF VICKERS, LTD.: THE LATE SIR F. BARKER.



WHERE NEARLY A THOUSAND FOLLOWERS OF GANDHI WERE RECENTLY ARRESTED: A PROCESSION OF NON-CO-OPERATORS, IN GANDHI CAPS, PARADING IN CALCUTTA.

Mr. Ernest Newton was President of the Royal Institute of British Architects from 1914 to 1917. His last work was a war shrine for Uppingham—his old school.—Mr. H. Roper Barrett, the famous lawn-tennis player, has been elected Chairman of the City of London School for the ensuing year.—Lieutenant Ernest Vilgrain, of "Vilgrain huts" fame, was acquitted by 6 votes to 1 by the Court-Martial at Nancy, which tried him on a charge of self-mutilation on active service in 1914.—Signor Luigi Denza, who settled in London in 1883, composed over 600 songs. The most famous, "Funiculi, Funicula," was inspired (in 1880) by the opening of the railway up Mount Vesuvius.—Mr. John Quiller Rowett provided most of the funds for the late Sir Ernest Shackleton's Antarctic Expedition.—Captain Sir Arthur W. Clarke has been an Elder Brother of Trinity House since 1898.—Commander Frank Wild was second-in-command of the Antarctic

Expedition under Sir Ernest Shackleton, and since the latter's death has taken charge. He accompanied Shackleton on several previous expeditions.—Mr. Edward Purkis Frost was one of the first members of the Royal Aeronautical Society, and became its President. He experimented in building aeroplanes.—Sir Charles Ruthen, President of the Society of Architects, resigned that position when the Society repudiated his views ascribing to architects the failure of the State housing scheme. He is Director-General of Housing.—Stephan Sinding was born in Norway in 1846, and became naturalised in Denmark. His "L'Offrande" was Norway's gift to France.—Lord Atholstan, of Montreal, offers £20,000 for the first University student or graduate who discovers a cure for cancer.—Sir Francis Barker was President of the British Russia Club.—Police and Gurkhas have been breaking up Gandhi meetings in Calcutta. Hundreds were arrested.

IRISH TROOPS; THE IRISH CONGRESS; EARL HAIG; EX-QUEEN

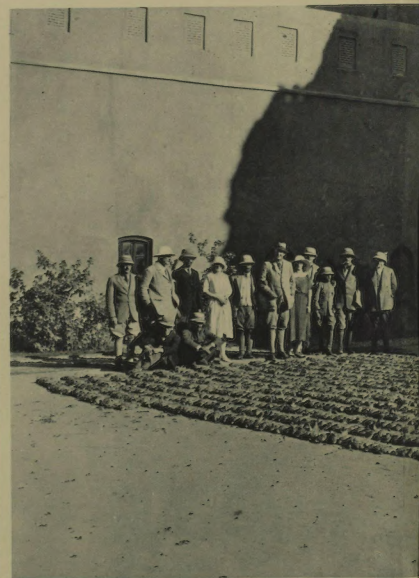
PHOTOGRAPHS BY L.N.A., C.N., ROE (PARIS).

ZITA; A VICEREGAL "SHOOT"; THE BRITISH CARDINAL.

VIDAL (MADRID), SPOT AND GENERAL, AND I.B.



THE IRISH ARMY AS A RECOGNISED FORCE UNDER THE NEW RÉGIME: LIFE IN MILITARY BARRACKS—CHANGING THE GUARD.

"WE HAD IN FRANCE AS FINE AND EFFICIENT
EARL HAIG (LEFT BACKGROUND) UNVEILING THEA STAFF AS ANY ARMY IN THE FIELD":
CAMBERLEY STAFF COLLEGE WAR MEMORIAL.CELEBRATING IN PARIS THE IRISH RACE CONGRESS: (L. TO R.) MISS MACSWINEY;
MR. DE VALERA (PRESIDENT); COUNTESS MARKIEVICZ; AND LORD ASHBORNE (IN KILT).EX-QUEEN ZITA OF HUNGARY, IN MADRID: WITH THE QUEEN-
MOTHER CHRISTINA OF SPAIN (RIGHT).A RECORD "BAG" IN INDIA: 4204 IMPERIAL GROUSE SHOT AND
TO BIKANIR, RAJPUTANA—MEMBERGUNNER DURING THE VISIT OF THE VICEROY AND LADY READING
OF THE PARTY ON THE LEFT.ON HIS WAY TO ROME FOR THE ELECTION OF A NEW POPE:
CARDINAL BOURNE (LEFT) ON BOARD A CHANNEL BOAT.

Troops of the Irish Army have now been quartered in barracks. The Anglo-Irish Treaty, it may be recalled, provides that "if the Government of the Irish Free State establishes and maintains a military defence force, the establishments thereof shall not exceed in size such proportion of the military establishments maintained in Great Britain as that which the population of Ireland bears to the population of Great Britain."—The World Congress of the Irish Race opened in Paris, at the Continental Hotel, on January 23. Its objects are to encourage what is peculiarly Irish in culture, and to arouse the interest of Irishmen living in the Dominions, the United States, and elsewhere, in the economic development of Ireland. Among those taking part were Mr. W. B. Yeats, the poet, and Lord Ashbourne, in the picturesque saffron-coloured Irish kilt which he always wears. A world federation of Irish organisations was

formed, of which Mr. de Valera was elected President, with offices in the Mansion House, Dublin, where the next Congress is to be held in 1925.—At the Staff College at Camberley, on January 26, Field-Marshal Earl Haig unveiled a memorial, with four pillars and three tablets, to graduates of the College who fell in the war. He paid a high tribute to the value of the training there, whose influence on the war, he said, had been incalculable, and to the Staff work of the British Army in the field.—Ex-Queen Zita of Hungary, who had been allowed to leave Madeira to see her children in Switzerland, arrived in Madrid on January 25 during her return journey. She visited the Queen of Spain and Queen Christina, the Queen-Mother.—Cardinal Bourne arrived in Rome on January 24 to take part in the Conclave of Cardinals for the election of a new Pope. Before it assembled he stayed at the Convent of St. Alfonso.

AN ORIENTAL "HENLEY": MANDALAY AND RANGOON REGATTAS—

PHOTOGRAPHS



RESEMBLING HENLEY IN GENERAL ASPECT, IF NOT IN THE TYPE OF CRAFT: THE FINISH OF A RACE BETWEEN TWO BOATS WITH CREWS OF ABOUT TWENTY PADDLERS, WATCHED BY THE PRINCE ON THE MOAT AT MANDALAY.



"A NEW METHOD OF WATERMANSHIP—THE PROPULSION OF A LONG, NARROW SHELL BY STANDING ROWERS," EACH USING ONE LEG AND ONE ARM: STRANGE CRAFT AT MANDALAY.

During the Prince's visit to Burma, which has been described as "one of the most joyous episodes of the whole tour," regattas were held both on the Moat at Mandalay and on the lakes in Dalhousie Park, Rangoon. Immense throngs of spectators gathered for these events, and the scene suggested an Oriental "Henley." Writing from Rangoon on January 9 (the Prince's last day there after returning thither from Mandalay), Mr. Percival Landon says: "The boat-racing which has concluded the festivities in honour of the Prince of Wales, both in Mandalay and Rangoon . . . offers to the Burmese themselves the keenest interest and excitement of all the happenings of the past few days. The regatta on the Mandalay Moat introduced the Prince to a new method of watermanship, which might even be tried at home—the propulsion of a long, narrow shell by standing rowers, with their outer legs twisted round the oar-

WATER PAGEANTRY FOR THE PRINCE OF WALES IN BURMA.

BY C.N.



MAGNIFICENT AS THE PROGRESS OF CLEOPATRA ON THE NILE: A GORGEOUS STATE BARGE WITH THE PRINCE OF WALES ON BOARD TOWED BY BURMESE PADDLERS IN LONG CANOES.



A BURMESE COUNTERPART OF THE HOUSE-BOATS AND SPECTATORS AT HENLEY REGATTA: A CROWDED SCENE ON THE LAKE-SIDE IN DALHOUSIE PARK, RANGOON, DURING THE RACES BEFORE THE PRINCE OF WALES.

shaft. The plan has the extra merit of being skilfully combined with the arm-pull upon a stout bamboo running down the centre of the boat. The ordinary paddling crews, despite their splendid unity and excited energy, were in all cases hopelessly distanced by the leg-men. Women crews also appeared and received almost more applause than the men. . . . This day's ceremony on the royal lakes was witnessed by the Prince of Wales from a state barge drawn by three canoes and accompanied by three others containing dancing women and musicians. . . . The visit to Burma has been a complete and continuous success. Everywhere, whether by the roadside, at a station, or at a fully-crowded ceremony in Rangoon and Mandalay, there has been the same genuine anxiety to give the Prince of Wales not merely the full royal reception which is his due, but that other and greater welcome based on affection and frank friendliness."

THE PRINCE IN ROMANTIC BURMA: "ON THE ROAD TO MANDALAY."

PHOTOGRAPHS BY C.N.

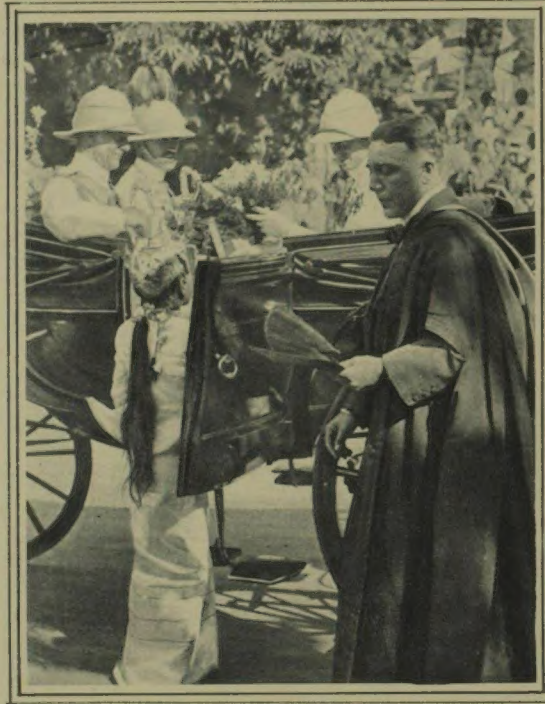


IN THE WONDERFUL "MASQUE OF BEASTS" GIVEN BY SHAN CHIEFS AT MANDALAY: A "LLAMA," PERSONATED BY TWO NATIVES.

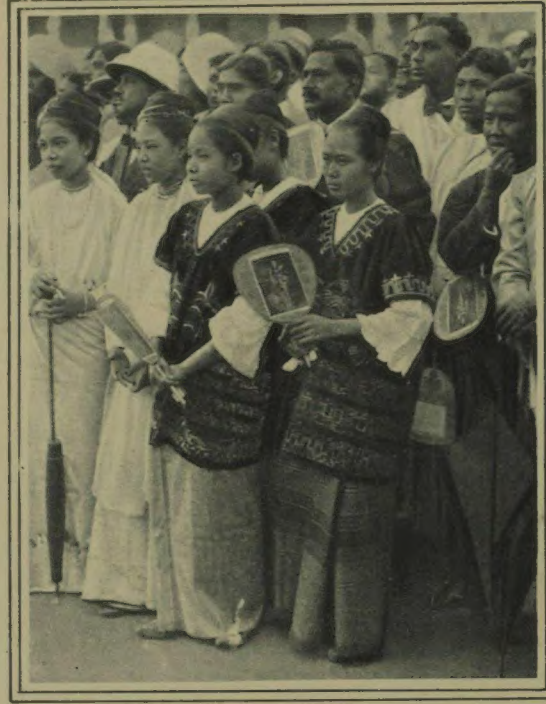
PERFORMERS IN THE PAGEANT THAT FOLLOWED THE "MASQUE OF BEASTS": PICTURESQUE BURMESE WOMEN DANCERS AT MANDALAY.



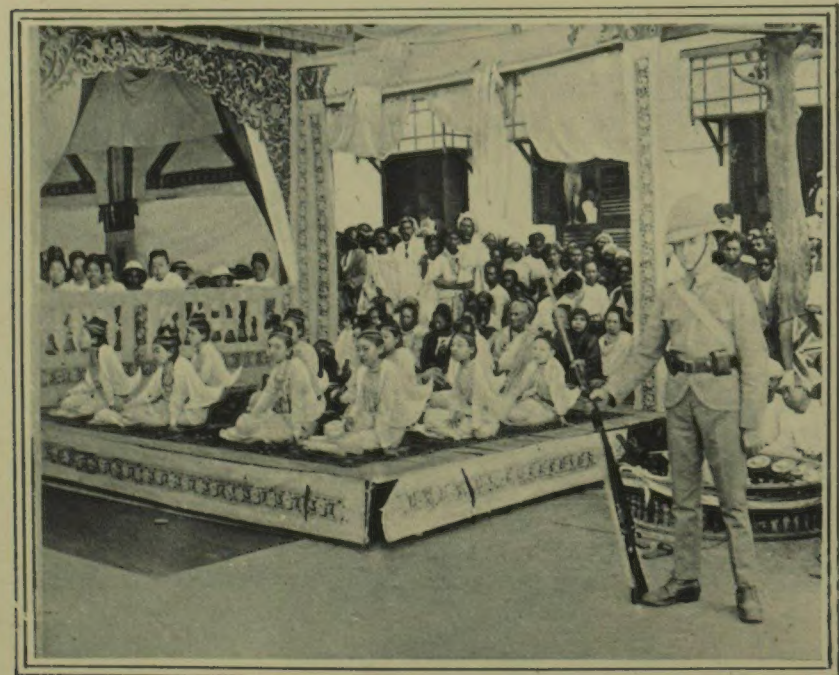
AMUSING THE PRINCE AT RANGOON: A BURMESE JUGGLER AND BALL-MANIPULATOR.



A TRIBUTE FROM A BURMESE SCHOOL-GIRL: THE PRINCE RECEIVING A BOUQUET AT RANGOON.



WITH A PORTRAIT OF THE PRINCE ON THEIR FANS: GIRL STUDENTS AT UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, RANGOON.



ON THE (RAIL) ROAD FROM RANGOON TO MANDALAY: BURMESE SCHOOL-CHILDREN AT A WAYSIDE STATION WAITING TO GREET THE PRINCE.

The Prince of Wales had a magnificent welcome at Rangoon, where he arrived on January 2 after leaving Calcutta. Replying to an address he recalled the fact that Rangoon means "city of peace" or, more literally, "end of war," and spoke of the "romance in its many nationalities and the multiplicity of creeds and tongues." The next day, at a garden party at Government House, he enjoyed Burmese dances and music and a wonderful juggling performance. On the 5th, he went on by train to Mandalay, which gave him an equally hearty reception. On the 6th he motored to the Shan Camp, where the Chiefs of the Shan States



WITH "A WHACKIN' WHITE CHEROKEE": A KIPPLING TOUCH AT MANDALAY—SHAN STATES WOMEN IN THE SHAN CAMP WAITING FOR THEIR KETTLE TO BOIL.

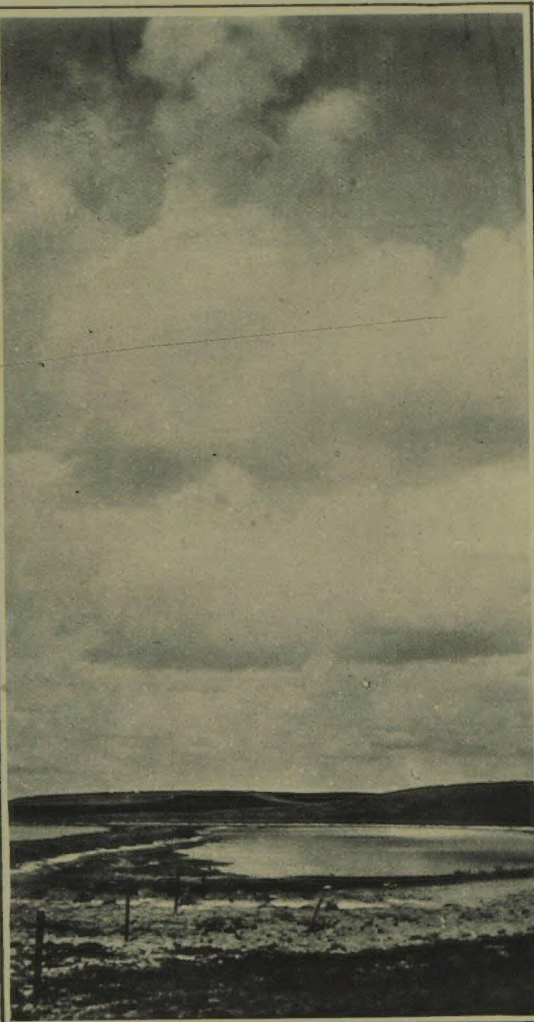
provided a sumptuous entertainment. First there was a highly picturesque Masque of Beasts with admirable clowning stage elephants, llamas, bears, tiger cubs, and so on, interspersed, as an eye-witness puts it, with "the charming coquetties of glorified peacock girls, from whom Rostand could profitably have taken many lessons for the production of 'Chantecler.'" The Masque was followed by a pageant in which 600 retainers of the Shan Chiefs took part, including dances, wild music, and exhibitions of sword-play. On January 8 the Prince returned to Rangoon. Regattas at Rangoon and Mandalay are illustrated elsewhere.

THE RAIN-MAKER: FIGHTING DROUGHT WITH CHEMICALS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ROYAL STUDIO. BY COURTESY OF MR. CHARLES M. HATFIELD.

THIS year, it seems, we are to pay more for our water and get less of it. The Metropolitan Water Board is going to raise its rates, while the sources of supply have been reduced owing to last summer's abnormal drought. Could the rainfall of the British Isles be duly husbanded and distributed, it is said, there would be plenty of water all round, and a recent report of the Water Power Resources Committee urges the formation of a Central Water Authority for the whole kingdom. The prospect of water shortage lends great interest to the work of Mr. Charles M. Hatfield, the "Rain-maker," whose operations in Canada last year attracted so much attention. In sending us the photographs here reproduced he writes: "This work has advanced rapidly, and the successes of the past have been very prominent—twenty-three different contracts, six of which were the filling of large reservoirs and the breaking of droughts, the other seventeen being purely agricultural contracts for the maturing and raising of crops, all of which were successful. In each and every one of these seventeen agricultural contracts fine to bumper crops were the result. I have been engaged for the past twenty-five years in conducting operations in various parts of the country—namely, from San Diego, California (where a large reservoir was completely filled to overflow for the City Council of that city) to Dawson City in the Klondyke, where operations were carried on for the mining interests of that district. The heaviest known rainfall followed these operations at Dawson City, which is usually dry and has an insufficient amount of precipitation from natural causes. Some of the most remarkable droughts on record, lasting for months, when cattle and sheep were dying by thousands and crops lay dormant for lack of moisture, have been broken within

[Continued opposite.]



WHERE HEAVY RAINFALL FOLLOWED MR. HATFIELD'S OPERATIONS LAST YEAR: CLOUDS OVER HIS PLANT AT MEDICINE HAT, ALBERTA.

[Continued.]

three days. The method of inducing an increased precipitation through artificial assistance is a process working in harmony with the natural conditions that go to produce rain from a natural source; and it consists of chemical evaporation. Humidity and moisture of the atmosphere are the very essence and life of these operations. By liberating and surcharging the air by potent and powerful forces, Nature responds to this assistance, and in return a production of rain follows at from 50 per cent, to 300 per cent. greater than that which would have occurred naturally. The atmosphere holds vast stores of vapour, even in our driest sections, and when no visible clouds are in sight the air holds and is charged with moisture ranging from 10 per cent. to 50 per cent. It is this vapour or humidity that those operations work upon, which by constant forces of energy that are going forth day and night result in rain. Owing to the excessive amount of moisture present during the time when a London fog is on, I am confident in saying that this could be dispelled and the atmosphere cleared. I say this from experience. Here in California along the coast at times heavy fog appears, and at all times when these operations were conducted the fog blanket was condensed, and it would be weeks before a new manifestation of this kind would recur. In fact, the fog conditions are as easily condensed as the higher formations of cumulus. The necessary equipment employed consists of towers built usually twenty-four feet in height; sometimes one, at other contracts two, while at some particular localities three, four and six have been erected. Upon these towers are placed many large galvanised trays. These towers are placed alongside a body of water, such as a lake, marsh, stream, or river, in order to obtain the natural evaporation arising from the said body of water. In Alberta

[Continued below.]



CLOSELY GUARDED TO KEEP THE INVENTOR'S SECRET: MR. LAKE, "A DERRICK SURMOUNTED BY AN OPEN TANK

[Continued.] and Saskatchewan, Canada, last summer, in my contract with the grain growers of that country, I placed my plant on the shore of a lake one mile across and three miles in length. The process used in producing an increased rainfall is secret. The formulas and method can be used over the entire world. The correct solution of the problem is for the Governments to take over the invention. This will come soon, it being my desire to dispose of my system to both the British and U.S. Governments simultaneously." As further



HATFIELD'S RAIN-MAKING PLANT ON THE SHORE OF CHAPPEE LAKE, "A DERRICK SURMOUNTED BY AN OPEN TANK CONTAINING CHEMICALS"—(INSET) MR. HATFIELD.

evidence of the success of his methods, Mr. Hatfield recalls his contract with the farmers and stockmen of the San Joaquin Valley, California, guaranteeing to induce a rainfall of six inches from February 17 to April 10, 1918. There was an exceptional drought. Cattle were dying upon the ranges for want of vegetation, and hundreds of thousands of acres in grain had practically ceased growing. "When my operations were begun on February 17," he writes, "within two days rain fell and continued to fall on and off every few days."

THE ELECTION OF A POPE: CONCLAVE CEREMONIES AT THE VATICAN.

DRAWINGS BY FRÉDÉRIC DE HAENEN.



BRINGING OUT OF STORE FURNITURE FOR CARDINALS.



WHERE A WOODEN PARTITION HAS THIS TIME BEEN USED: WALLING OFF A CONCLAVE.



BEFORE CLOSING THE DOORS: THE CAMERLENGO INSPECTING TO DETECT AND EXPEL INTRUDERS.



THE CAMERLENGO SWEARING-IN ATTENDANTS TO SECRECY.



A CONCLAVE IN SESSION: THE CARDINALS ASSEMBLED IN AN ENCLOSED PORTION OF THE VATICAN FOR THE ELECTION OF A SUCCESSOR TO A DEAD POPE.

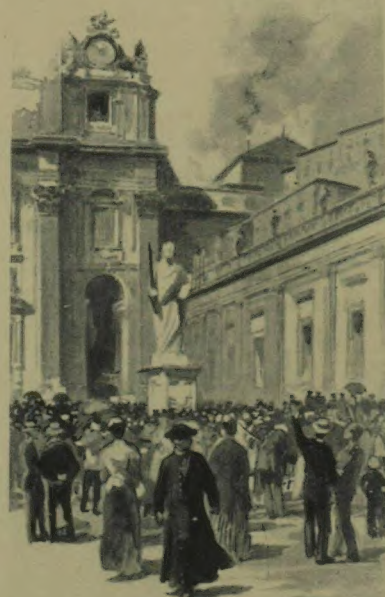
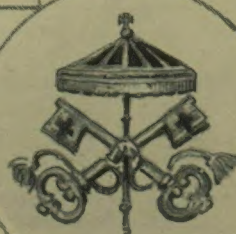


PLACING HIS PAPER IN A CHALICE ON THE ALTAR: A CARDINAL VOTING.



THE ARMS OF THE CHURCH DURING THE INTERREGNUM IN THE HOLY SEE.

BURNING THE VOTING PAPERS AFTER THE ELECTION OF A NEW POPE.



SMOKE FROM BURNED VOTES SIGNALS ELECTION TO THE PUBLIC OUTSIDE.

The Conclave of Cardinals in the Vatican at Rome, for the election of a successor to the late Pope Benedict XV., was arranged to begin on February 2. Part of the Vatican is shut off for the Conclave, and access to it is afforded by only one door, which is locked from outside by the Hereditary Marshal of the Holy Roman Church, and from within by the Cardinal Camerlengo. All the Cardinals and their attendants are sworn to secrecy. Once the door is closed it is not opened until the result of the election can be announced, except to admit a Cardinal who arrives late or to allow one to leave in case of illness. The actual voting

takes place by secret ballot in the Sistine Chapel, each Cardinal placing his voting paper in a chalice on the altar. After the election the voting papers are burnt, and white smoke ascending from a chimney is a sign to crowds waiting in the Piazza San Pietro that a new Pope has been chosen. Black smoke signifies an inconclusive ballot. Our drawings illustrate the customary procedure, but not, of course, the actual events on the present occasion. Thus, instead of a wall being built in the Court of San Damaso to shut in the Conclave, a wooden hoarding was this time erected.—[Drawings Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

THE PASSING OF POPE BENEDICT XV.: CEREMONIAL AT ST. PETER'S.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY COMM. G. FELICI, ROME.



BORNE BY THE SEDIARII, AND SURROUNDED BY NOBLE AND SWISS GUARDS: THE BODY OF POPE BENEDICT XV. BEING CONVEYED IN PROCESSION FROM THE THRONE-ROOM AT THE VATICAN TO ST. PETER'S.



"CLOTHED WITH THE FULL PONTIFICAL VESTMENTS—THE STOLE, THE DALMATIC TUNIC, THE GLOVES, THE PALLIUM, THE RING, THE CHASUBLE, AND THE GOLD MITRE": THE DEAD POPE LYING IN STATE IN ST. PETER'S.

After his death (on January 22) the body of Pope Benedict XV. first lay in state in the Throne Room at the Vatican. On the next day it was borne in procession to St. Peter's for the public lying-in-state, which continued until the funeral on the 26th, when the late Pope was buried in the crypt of St. Peter's, next to Pope Pius VI. and Queen Christina of Sweden. Describing the procession from the Throne Room to St. Peter's, a Renter message from Rome says: "It was headed by a platoon of the Palatine Guard. Next came a platoon of the Papal gendarmes. Then followed all the commandants and officers of the Pontifical

Armed Corps, the Bussolanti, the Chamberlains of Cape and Sword, the Secret Chamberlains, and the lay and ecclesiastical dignitaries of the Papal Court. These were followed by three Sediarii, carrying lighted candles, the Penitentiaries, the staff of the Noble Guard, and the Marquis Sacchetti, Quartermaster of the Apostolic Palaces. At this stage came the Sediarii, bearing the bier with the remains of Benedict XV., surrounded by Noble and Swiss Guards." The body of the Pope was dressed in full Pontificals, including the gold mitre of finest filigree work placed on the head. Thousands of people filed past the body in St. Peter's.

A CRUSADE OF CRAFTSMANSHIP.

THE first official step towards a recognition of what is now the British Institute of Industrial Art came from abroad. A movement of appreciation in Belgium resulted in an exhibition at Ghent in 1913. The Craft movement in Britain, although strong and growing, was up to that time more or less officially ignored here. France, however, realised the importance of the movement, and showed her eagerness by issuing an official invitation, in 1914, with the offer of the Louvre as a place of exhibition. At last England herself realised the need of a permanent and capable body to further the interests of art and industry. She followed the path pointed out by Belgium and France, with the result that the British Institute of Industrial Art was incorporated in February 1920.

This year the Institute holds its exhibition at the Victoria and Albert Museum, where a wealth of British craftsmanship, lately executed, gratifying to the eye, and useful as well as decorative, can be seen and appreciated, and in most cases can be bought. The public must be educated by exhibitions such as this to form its own good judgments in taste, and not be imposed upon by the manufacturer or the man who buys in quantity for the big stores. Fully qualified designers with a clear knowledge of the limitations of material have controlled the production of everything to be shown in this exhibition: "The whole of the exhibits have been subjected to the closest inspection and most rigorous selection by a series of committees of experts, who, as will be seen in the exhibition, have not been influenced by any one school or tendency." In every case the work of the fully qualified artist outshines the work built up on the instructions of big buyers. Art and industry here mingle in beautiful craftsmanship, useful and satisfying.

A series of small rooms has been arranged, furnished and decorated by various firms, with varying ideas of severity or luxury in colouring and design. A country cottage living-room, designed by Charles Spooner, the furniture simple, restful, and well proportioned, offers a pleasing contrast to a Heal bedroom in flaunting colours of green and yellow, the furniture painted with the inevitable pattern of small bright flowers. There is an interesting lounge designed by A. J. Rowley, entirely decorated with panels of inlaid wood; there is a nursery with seats and tables proportioned expressly for the use of a child—a novel thought in nurseries, this.



THE REVIVAL OF THE SAMPLER: "THE BLUE BIRD," BY DORIS TAYLOR.

By Courtesy of the British Institute of Industrial Art.

is not of any special period, though based on tradition. The excellent Gimson tradition,

it is good to note, is being carried on in the chairs and tables executed by P. Waals. A sideboard, designed by Percy Wells, and painted with the new Zofelac process that gives the wood a flat finish with a feel of satin, should be specially noted. The folly of continuing in practice to



THE MODERN TOUCH IN COMMEMORATIVE ART: THE RUGBY SCHOOL MEMORIAL, BY HAROLD STABLER.

By Courtesy of the British Institute of Industrial Art.

produce what has long been worn out in theory, the folly of ignoring modern needs and new developments, is being well combated by the Institute's exhibition.

In the Silver House, which is lit with artificial light, there are some beautiful examples of the work of Edward Spencer and of Omar Ramsden: a pair of quaint bonbon dishes, the half-shell of an ostrich-egg mounted in delicately wrought silver; silver-bronze candlesticks, sturdy and well-shaped; and many ingenuities in beaten and jewelled metals. A carved ivory by Richard Garbe, and a small, finely filigreed rosary in gold by G. E. Hunt, are fine examples in both design and execution. The jewellery of Henry Wilson, President of the Arts and Crafts Exhibition Society, has the fault of practically all of our British jewellers, in that it is much too massive; but for minute and exquisite craftsmanship there is nothing in the exhibition to equal it, save perhaps Mr. Hewitt's gold writing, which, by-the-by, we are glad to hear he has presented to the Institute for its permanent collection.

The china offers many a happy opportunity for those who have a country cottage to furnish. Tea-cups, saucers, plates—all the requirements of "domestic pottery" are shown in great quantity and excellent quality, ornamented with effective borders of flowers and fruits, painted under and over glaze. The freshness of design and simplicity in execution are again evidence of the guiding hand of the artist. A delightful Carter (of Poole) fruit-bowl, with a leaping antelope painted across its surface, has a really modern touch.

Among the textiles there are beautiful fabrics in profusion; a hand-woven damask of blue, patterned with a design of St. George, round whose triumphant figure flows an ecstatic chorus of decorative maidens, woven in shimmering green—this by Alec Hunter; examples of Jacquard weaving from the looms of Lee and Sons, of Birkenhead; a new material from Warner and Sons, of blue shot with mauve, strangely ribbed,

soft, yet powerful in quality. Again the artist co-operates with the workman, the excellent result being the amusingly patterned silks, voiles, and sherecords designed by George Sheringham and carried out by Seftons, Ltd. Mrs. Christie and her pupils illustrate the beauty of stitching stories and fancies in delicate colours into samplers, needle-books, mats, and even into brooches. The story of the Blue Bird is unfolded with a clever needle working in a single colour with a restrained and pleasing design. Mrs. Christie's animal samplers are particularly beautiful examples. Surely no mistress of the craft has ever before so thoroughly understood the correct application of the many and varying stitches to produce the required texture.

The Printing Room has some very able work by poster-designers, chief among whom may be mentioned Spencer Pryse, Paine and Herrick. The posters in their bold simplicity and sparsity of detail would attract and retain attention on any hoarding. Here also may be seen examples of the beauty that the late Claud Lovat Fraser lavished on advertisements and commercial pamphlets, embellishing everything he touched with his quaintly coloured humour. The artist again comes to the rescue of the Trade. Numerous modern presses give examples of their work on a small scale, clear and appropriate type being evident everywhere. Then there are book-bindings—notably a glossy green morocco with an intricate arabesque design inlaid with faint touches of a deeper green and of red, by Zaehnsdorf. There is a delightful fancy, "An Anciente Mappe of Fairyland," magically imagined by Bernard Sleight. Even cardboard boxes and tins are exhibited with new splendours of design to cover their humble surfaces in festoons of painted fruit and flowers. Trade labels from several Leicester firms

are excellently presented with appropriate type and illustration. England's stolid acceptance of



A BEAUTIFUL EXAMPLE OF MODERN BRITISH CARVING: "THE GOD PAN," AN IVORY BY RICHARD GARBE, IN THE EXHIBITION.

By Courtesy of the British Institute of Industrial Art.

ugliness and uselessness in the important items of everyday life is being combated. We have to thank the Institute.

ART WEDDED TO INDUSTRY: BRINGING BEAUTY INTO COMMON THINGS.

BY COURTESY OF THE BRITISH INSTITUTE OF INDUSTRIAL ART.



FURNITURE DESIGNED BY CHARLES SPOONER, AND MADE BY HAMPSHIRE WORKSHOPS; WOOD-CUTS BY J. HALL-THORPE: A LIVING-ROOM.



A HEAL BED-ROOM: HAND-PAINTED FURNITURE IN GREY DECORATED WITH YELLOW AND BLUE FLOWERS, DESIGNED AND MADE BY HEAL AND SON.



DESIGNED BY EDWARD SPENCER: A SILVER DESSERT-BOWL AND OSTRICH-EGG BON-BON DISHES.



BY CARTER (OF POOLE): A FRUIT-BOWL WITH A LEAPING ANTELOPE.



DESIGNED AND EXECUTED BY OMAR RAMSDEN: A COFFEE SET IN BEATEN SILVER.



CARRYING ON "THE EXCELLENT GIMSON TRADITION": FURNITURE DESIGNED BY P. WAALS.



DESIGNED BY A. J. ROWLEY TO SHOW THE SUITABILITY OF HIS WOOD PANELS FOR INTERIOR DECORATION: THE ROWLEY LOUNGE.

The most important movement made since the days of William Morris towards educating public taste, and bringing beauty into common things, such as furniture, decoration, and domestic utensils, has taken shape in the British Institute of Industrial Art, which this year holds its exhibition at the Victoria and Albert Museum. The inception and growth of the movement is described in the article on the opposite page, and here we are enabled to illustrate some of the most interesting of the exhibits. "To-day, more than at any time past," the promoters rightly declare, "our national economic stability depends upon . . . a success in foreign markets, which can be secured only by quality. The intimate

co-operation of the arts . . . is an indispensable element in industry." We may add that a series of discourses has been organised, which started on Thursday, January 26, and continue on the Friday of every week throughout February, at 4.30 p.m., when the points of view of the manufacturer, the distributor, the retailer, the designer, the craftsman, and the public, are fully discussed. The dates are as follows:—(1) Thursday, January 26.—Textiles; (2) Friday, February 3.—Furniture; (3) Friday, February 10.—Printing; (4) Friday, February 17.—Pottery and Glass; (5) Friday, February 24.—The Public Point of View. The address of the Institute is 217 to 229, Knightsbridge, S.W.7.



THE WORLD OF MUSIC.

By W. J. TURNER.

MUSICAL EDUCATION.

ONLY a few people understand the importance of education, and, although education in this country is notoriously bad, in nothing is it so bad as in music. One of the few educational principles that the authorities have begun to see clearly is the paramount importance of teaching all the children in the country to read and write the English language. That—with an elementary knowledge of mathematics—is all that the curriculum of the elementary school should aim at, for the simple reason that an understanding of the English language is the key which will unlock all other knowledge.

But a key does not open doors of its own accord; you can put this key to knowledge in a child's hand, but you cannot make it use it to unlock those doors behind which the secrets of life lie carefully guarded. Nor is it so simple a matter as it seems at first sight to teach the English language, or, in other words, to put that key into the pupil's hands. We very quickly discover that instead of there being one key, one English language, there are—not fifty or a hundred thousand, but an infinite number of keys, and an infinite number of languages, all of which are called English.

There is, for example, the language of the Sporting Editor of the *Daily Yell*; there is the language of Miss Ethel M. Dell; there is the language of Mr. Rudyard Kipling; there is the language of the Poet Laureate, Dr. Robert Bridges—a language that would be unintelligible to the average reader of Kipling; there is the language of George Meredith, which would confuse and bewilder the reader of the serials in the *Daily Mirror*; there is the language of Henry James, which, if read aloud to any ordinary policeman, would cause him to arrest you on the spot as a lunatic.

Millions of children leave school at the age of fourteen or fifteen, and their knowledge of the English language is so elementary that they remain cut off for the rest of their days from any knowledge deeper than that to be obtained from the news paragraph of their daily papers. Even the editorials, the short snappy-sentenced leading articles of the modern newspaper, put an intolerable strain upon their powers of concentration and understanding.

Now we have to admit that, since the beginnings of education are to-day put within the reach of all, there must be some innate difference in mind which results in one child developing and another comparatively standing still. This difference may be real or it may only be apparent. For the child who, with the key put into his hand, fails to unlock the door to mathematics or to any of the sciences, or to literature, may be the very one who, given a key, could unlock all or nearly all the doors to music. This is an argument—irresistible in its implications—for a general compulsory musical education. If we are ever to

have a rich and varied civilisation of the highest type, then every scrap of natural talent and individual idiosyncrasy must be made the most of and brought to its fullest fruition. The elements of music, as of art, literature, mathematics and science, must be taught at all the elementary, secondary, and public schools throughout the country. It is the duty of every citizen as a potential father, and as a man desiring to live in the best of possible worlds, to see that every child in the country has the opportunity to find out what his natural powers and inclinations are—not only in order that all other men should benefit from them, but also in order that

M. AND MME. BUSONI.



no attempt is being made to teach it at all. I propose, therefore, to offer a few remarks on the proper method of teaching music.

The first thing to grasp is that music is an art of the ear, not of the eye. This sounds absurdly obvious, but it is no exaggeration to say that for the last hundred years in England all children have been taught music by the eye, and they have been taught on that most horrible, most vile of instruments, that King of Quacks, the pianoforte—or, as it is popularly called, the piano.

The unfortunate child is put at the piano, is shown a long row of black and white notes, arranged in the most puzzling order possible, and he is then taught to connect those strips of black and white with the black dots and white spaces scattered over a group of five lines on a sheet of paper. Naturally, the first idea that would suggest itself to an intelligent youngster would be that the five black lines represented the five black notes, and that the white spaces between the lines represented the white notes or spaces on the keyboard. But as there are seven white spaces to the five black notes on the keyboard, and only four white spaces between the lines of the staff, there is clearly something wrong.

From this moment onwards, he is confronted with one puzzle after another. Everything that he is taught is illogical, muddled and absurd, so that ultimately he falls back on learning in parrot-fashion to connect certain marks on paper with certain positions on the keyboard, and when he has attained to a certain agile proficiency in this Pianoforte Pelman System, he is turned loose upon the world as having had a musical education. Of course, the poor fellow has not had even the faintest glimmerings of a musical education. He doesn't even yet know what music is. He is merely a conjurer who, instead of tossing balls, turns black-and-white spots on paper into sounds.

No child should be allowed at the beginning of its musical education to go anywhere near a pianoforte. The first step to be taken is to train



MR. FREDERIC AUSTIN.



MR. FREDERIC LAMOND.

MUSICIANS OF NOTE: TWO DISTINGUISHED PIANISTS AND THE CONDUCTOR OF "THE BEGGAR'S OPERA."

M. Busoni made a welcome reappearance at the Queen's Hall Symphony Concert on January 28, on which occasion he played Mozart's Concerto No. 8 in D minor.—The new version of "The Beggar's Opera" was produced at the Lyric, Hammersmith, the other day. Mr. Frederic Austin has re-written and rearranged some of the fresh songs with as much skill and delicacy as he did for the original version.—At the Symphony Concert at the Queen's Hall on February 11, Mr. Lamond will play the Concerto No. 3, in C minor, by his favourite composer—Beethoven.

Photographs by J. Loeb.

he may get the utmost possible out of himself in his lifetime.

This being granted—and only persons of narrow views, blinded by prejudice or by misguided selfishness could refuse to grant it—it remains to be discovered how best music is to be taught. Now I am not going to say that no subject is taught so badly as music, because I think most teaching is so bad that it would be splitting hairs to say that in our schools one subject is any better taught than another.

However, music is at this much disadvantage, that, except for such isolated efforts as that of Mr. C. T. Smith at the Isle of Dogs, and in a few of the larger public schools, practically

its ear to perceive pitch with the greatest accuracy possible. Ear-training is the indispensable and only true foundation to a genuine musical education. Until a child can learn to distinguish infallibly every note and every interval in the key of C major, and in every other key, it is, in respect of music, exactly in the position of a child who cannot distinguish infallibly between one letter of the alphabet and another. What would be the use of teaching children to understand the difference between "hound" and "house" if they could not perceive that there was any difference between the spelling of the two words—if, to them, an "n" looked exactly like an "s"! Yet this lunatic procedure is what is practised by innumerable schools and private music-teachers throughout the country in regard to music.

THE NATION'S NEW ART TREASURE: A VAN DYCK.

BY COURTESY OF THE NATIONAL GALLERY.



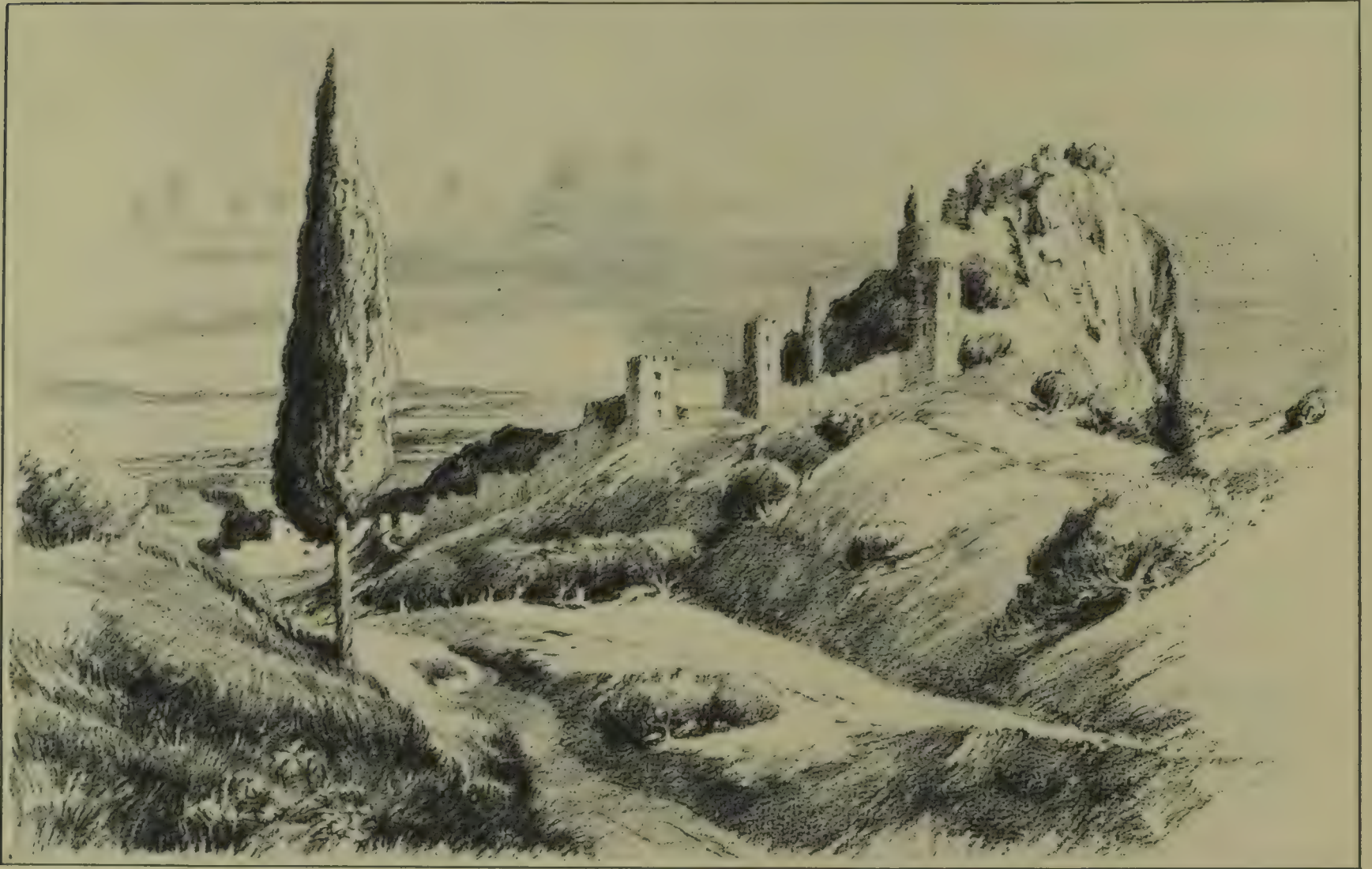
HUNG IN THE NATIONAL GALLERY IN THE PLACE RECENTLY OCCUPIED BY "THE BLUE BOY": VAN DYCK'S PORTRAIT OF "GEORGE AND FRANCIS VILLIERS."

Van Dyck's portrait of "George and Francis Villiers" has just been acquired by the Trustees of the National Gallery, at a moderate price, from Lady Lucas, and has been hung in Room XXV., in the place recently occupied by Gainsborough's celebrated picture, "The Blue Boy," removed to be shipped to America. The National Gallery's new acquisition is one of the famous Van Dycks from the Panshanger collection, belonging to the family of

Earl Cowper. It was long known by the incorrect title of "Lords John and Bernard Stuart." The correct identification of the portraits as those of George and Francis Villiers was made by the National Portrait Gallery. George Villiers was in later life the notorious Duke of Buckingham, in the reign of Charles II. The other boy, who was known as "the beautiful Francis Villiers," was killed in 1648 in a skirmish at Kingston.

A WINTER PARADISE: THE RIVIERA—MEDIÆVAL AND ROMAN RUINS.

DRAWINGS BY GORDON HOME.



THE 'OLDEST OF THE RIVIERA WINTER RESORTS: HYÈRES—THE CASTLE WITH ITS TEN-TOWERED WALLS, A PICTURESQUE HILL-FORTRESS DATING FROM THE TENTH AND ELEVENTH CENTURIES, DESTROYED IN THE RELIGIOUS WARS.



SAID TO HAVE BEEN BEGUN BY JULIUS CÆSAR: THE ROMAN AMPHITHEATRE AT FRÉJUS (ANCIENT FORUM JULII), WHICH SEATED 10,000 PEOPLE WHEN THE TOWN WAS FIVE TIMES ITS PRESENT SIZE AND AN IMPORTANT PORT.

Hyères, the oldest of the Riviera winter resorts, lying about ten miles east of Toulon, is a quiet pleasant place, a little off the beaten track. Its Roman name was *Castrum Arcarum*. The picturesque old castle, and the ruined *Enceinte* with its ten towers, date from the tenth and eleventh centuries. The modern town is famous for its palms, orange groves, and roses. Fréjus is also a delightfully unspoilt place. In Roman times it was an important town, called *Forum Julii*, founded by Julius Cæsar, and five times as large as it is now, as remains of the old walls show, with a population of some 50,000. To its harbour (since

silted up) Augustus sent 300 galleys captured from Antony at Actium. The ruins of the amphitheatre, said to have been begun by Julius Cæsar, date probably from before the time of Septimius Severus (193-211 A.D.). It is 120 yards long by 90 yards wide, and held about 10,000 spectators. A passage runs round beneath the seats, and there are remains of the chief entrances and traces of the Imperial box. *Forum Julii* was the birthplace of Agricola and the poet Cornelius Gallus. Napoleon landed near Fréjus on his return from Egypt, and embarked there for Elba.—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

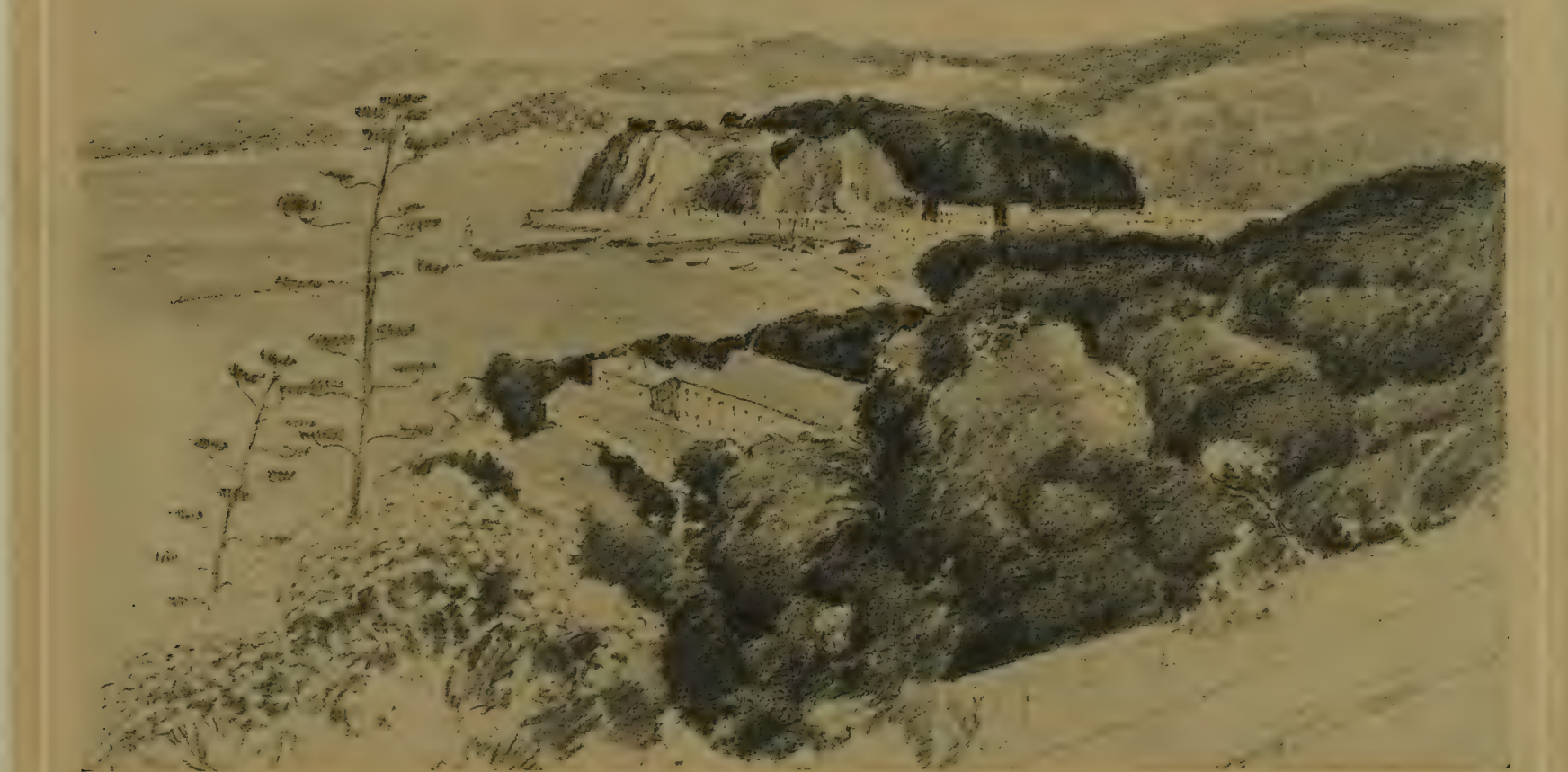
THE SUNSHINE COAST: GEMS OF THE RIVIERA—CANNES AND NICE.

DRAWINGS BY GORDON HOME.



GORDON HOME

OF CONFERENCE FAME: CANNES—THE ESTÉRELS AND THE OLD PORT, WITH ITS BELFRY AND TOWER, WHICH SAW IN TURN THE LANDING OF SARACENS, SPANIARDS AND CORSAIRS, AND OF NAPOLEON FROM ELBA.



NICE FROM THE CORNICHE ROAD: A VIEW OF THE TOWN FROM THE MOST PICTURESQUE SECTION OF THAT FAMOUS MOUNTAIN HIGHWAY, WHICH "LOOKS DOWN UPON A SCENE OF AMAZING ENCHANTMENT."

Cannes, which has recently made an incomplete contribution to modern history (leaving it to be finished by Genoa), is regarded by many as the most beautiful and most fashionable of the Riviera watering-places. To the west lie the hills of Estérel and to the east the Iles de Lérins. Close at hand is Old Cannes, a fishing port with a cluster of roofs, among them a belfry and watch-tower that has witnessed in turn the arrival of Saracens, Spaniards, Corsairs, the Emperor's men, and, in later days, Napoleon after his escape from Elba. Nice is the capital of the Alpes Maritimes, a large modern town situated amid beautiful country. In his recent book, "The

Riviera of the Corniche Road," Sir Frederick Treves writes: "The Grande Corniche . . . looks down upon a scene of amazing enchantment, upon the foundations of the everlasting hills, upon a sea glistening like opal, upon a coast with every fantastic variation of crag and cliff, of rounded bay and sparkling beach, of wooded glen, and fern-decked, murmuring chine. . . . The most picturesque section is that between Nice and Eze. Starting from Nice it winds up along the sides of Mont Vinaigrier and Mont Gros. . . . There is soon attained a perfect view over the whole town of Nice."—[Drawings Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

WHERE THE DOG'S HEAD GUARDS THE TOWN OF THE GREEN TABLES: MONTE CARLO AND THE TÊTE DE CHIEN.

FROM A PAINTING BY E. LESSIEUX.



"AROUND MONTE CARLO THE MOUNTAINS CROWD DOWN TO THE SEA": THE MOST POPULAR RESORT ON THE RIVIERA AND ITS BEAUTIFUL SETTING—
ON THE LEFT, THE ROCK OF MONACO.

Although Monte Carlo is chiefly famous from its gambling-tables, it has many other attractions, lovely scenery, and, close at hand, romantic associations with the past. To borrow again from that delightful book, "The Riviera of the Corniche Road," by Sir Frederick Treves, we read: "Around Monte Carlo the mountains crowd down to the sea with such menace as to threaten to push the light-hearted town into the deep, for the sloping ledge to which it holds is narrow. . . . Monte Carlo is a town full of remarkable contrasts. On one side of the haven, with its chapel to Ste. Dévote, rises the great rock of Monaco. On its summit stand the palace, the fortress and the little town: all three so staid, so grey, so very, very old—just as they have stood in company through some six hundred years. On the other side of the chapel, on rising ground, lies Monte Carlo, modern in every fibre of its being. . . . Climbing the mountain behind the town is still the ancient road that, more than two thousand years ago, led from the Roman forum into Gaul; while,

by the water's edge, on the other hand, are the railway, the motor track, and a hydroplane that has just flown over from Corsica. All around Monte Carlo are the cave-dwellings of prehistoric men . . . while in the town itself are hotels of unparalleled luxury. . . . Still more curious is it that the great modern forts of Mont Agel and the Tête de Chien actually look down upon a line of fortified camps and stone strongholds built by the Ligurians before the dawn of history." The Tête de Chien (1885 ft.) is the bold hill rising behind the rock of Monaco in the centre background of our illustration. The little Principality of Monaco, adjoining Monte Carlo, was founded in 1348 by Charles I., of the Genoese family of Grimaldi, to which the reigning Prince belongs. The name Monaco, a corruption of the Greek Monoiikos, is derived from a temple of Melikarh, called in Greek Heracles Monoiikos, founded there by the Phœnicians. Monte Carlo was named after Prince Charles III. of Monaco.—[Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

THE RIVIERA'S MOST ROMANTIC REGION: EZE; VILLEFRANCHE; "MONTE."

DRAWINGS BY GORDON HOME.



WHERE A FOREST FIRE RECENTLY BLACKENED THE PINE-CLAD HEIGHTS FOR MANY MILES: THE FAMOUS ROCK VILLAGE OF EZE, ONCE AN ALMOST INACCESSIBLE STRONGHOLD—THE GRANDEST PANORAMA VISIBLE FROM THE CORNICHE ROAD.



THE MOST CELEBRATED PLACE ON THE RIVIERA: MONTE CARLO FROM MONACO.



WHERE THE "GREAT SHIP" OF THE TEMPLARS WAS LAUNCHED IN 1523: VILLEFRANCHE BAY.

In a note on his drawing of Eze, Mr. Gordon Home writes: "It is one of the most romantic spots on the Riviera. Owing to the abnormal drought (last summer) a widespread fire has reduced a great deal of the mantle of foliage which used to adorn this coast to blackened tree-stumps and ashes. Eze was surrounded with a fierce conflagration, and the fire swept up the precipitous slopes to La Turbie, making that little place above Monte Carlo almost unapproachable. Eze was a stronghold during the time of the Barbary corsairs." Sir Frederick Treves says, in his fascinating book on the Corniche Road (quoted on a previous page) that "at

the Col d'Eze (1694 ft.) is unfolded the grandest panorama that the Corniche can provide." Describing Villefranche, he writes: "At the south end is the citadel, a lusty, rambling fortress built in 1560 by Emmanuel Philibert. . . . One of the most exciting days in the history of Villefranche happened in the year 1523, when 'The Great Ship' was launched, and when the people either screamed themselves hoarse with elation or were rendered dumb by surprise. This Leviathan of the Deep was built by the Knights Templars." Monaco and Monte Carlo are illustrated in colour in this number.—[Drawings Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

BOOKS OF THE DAY

By J. D. SYMON.

THE traveller's tale has still a chance in a world very fully explored; even strict scientific method can provide things as wonderful in their way as those related by Marco Polo, Hakluyt, Coryatt, and the writers disguised as "Sir John Mandeville," and perhaps the modern stories of "antres vast and deserts idle," if less bizarre than those told by Othello and the old voyagers, can still win some Desdemona's heart.

One form, not so much a narrative of world-wide roaming as an intimate personal record of residence in a tropical country that still holds much mystery, has proved its exceptional attraction during recent months, and the reading public's interest has reacted to its own great gain. By its lively demand it asked implicitly for more, and it has been luckier than *Oliver Twist*, for the author was ready and willing. Byron, rounding off the first Canto of "Don Juan," said to his "gentle reader and still gentler purchaser"

We meet again, if we should understand
Each other.

And in the same way Captain C. A. W. Monckton, in "Some Experiences of a New Guinea Magistrate," expressed his intention of continuing his narrative if his book should be favourably received. That favourable reception being now beyond dispute, the promised sequel, "LAST DAYS IN NEW GUINEA" (The Bodley Head; 18s.), has followed quickly, but not too quickly for the author's admirers.

New Guinea, dangerous to the traveller, is also perilous to those who try to describe it. The observer must stick to his own line of special knowledge; for if he stray beyond that, he comes to grief. One book at least, which went beyond the author's particular branch of science and attempted general description, was said by a very eminent authority to contain more mistakes to the square inch than any other work on the subject. On certain antiquarian points that severe critic has quoted Captain Monckton as an authority, but the latter, in his modesty, believes that "we know as little of the origin of the ancient relics dug up or discovered in New Guinea as we know of the origin of Stonehenge or the ruins in Easter Island." He thinks that "when the wise men have solved these two problems, then perhaps they might attempt that of the recent discoveries in New Guinea." Science, it is safe to say, will not look askance at Captain Monckton's observations when it tackles the task.

But, rich as the book is in its notes on manners and customs, antiquities, anthropology, fauna and flora and folk-lore, not to mention the adventurous part of it, the chief charm is the revelation of the author's personality. If his admirable writing is not perfectly natural, then it is great art; but nature has it. Out of his fulness of knowledge the man speaks, and he has the perfect trick of the anecdote, which may so easily become boring. There is a writer of fiction who makes very pretty sport with the things that happen to a British Magistrate in wild places, but here is a writer whose true stories of similar official duties beggar many a novel. The letter from Bill Smith the miner, about the death of his mate Sam, "wich is last Words was, mak me a good corfin old maite," would alone make any novelist's fortune, only it and its sequel couldn't be invented. Nor could invention supply that pearl of native wisdom bestowed by Captain Monckton's orderly upon the missionary who said that the soldier's minute precautions for his master's

safety at night were uncalled for at a Mission Station. Said the native: "No one can see into the belly of a man." Then to his master: "Your arms are there, Sir, and Kovi and Arita on guard." It is sublime, and tells more tales than one.

Seekers after adventure, however, need not go outside the United Kingdom, which has still a great deal to offer the explorer of byways. And here again the personal touch lends any record of inquiry an attraction for the general reader that careful antiquarian notes may easily miss. This charm reaches its highest power when the writer travels in a company and draws the characters of his fellow pilgrims. The earliest association of that pleasant literary artifice with the Canterbury district probably led Mr. Donald Maxwell to explore "UNKNOWN KENT" (The Bodley Head; 12s. 6d.) with a band of choice companions, whose portraits add life to his account of out-of-the-way places,

His leisurely observations were concerned more with men than with places, and his model, as in a former volume, is admittedly the Borrovian. How far any such direct imitation, even to fisticuffs with gypsies by the wayside, can be perfectly successful is an open question, but "A WAYFARER'S CARAVAN" (Murray; 10s. 6d.), by Mr. A. Alexander, the apostle of Physical Recreation, keeps the reader well entertained with incident and humour throughout an ever-varying scene. The book forms a happy contribution to the cult of the caravan.

Another form of vagabondage is reflected in the earlier chapters of "THE STAGE LIFE OF MRS. STIRLING" (Fisher Unwin; 12s. 6d.), by Mr. Percy Allen, grandson of the once-famous actress, who is now only the shadow of a name to all but the elderly. Mrs. Stirling endured the usual hard struggle in the provinces during the worst days of the British stage, but in 1836 she gained a footing in London that she held for fifty years. It takes the pen of an Elia to make the figures of the old actors live again, but this memoir, like all its kind, draws a ghostly fascination from its subject, that world of whose workers Henley wrote, "Into the night go one and all."

Evidently our lively Gentleman with a Duster appreciates Father O'Flynn's question, "Is it lave gaiety all to the laity?" Having polished the Mirrors of Downing Street and the Glass of Fashion to some purpose, this anonymous wit now applies his duster to the "PAINTED WINDOWS" (Mills and Boon; 5s.) of the Church, so that his own piercing light may fall upon the Primate, Bishop Gore, Dean Inge, Father Ronald Knox, Canon Barnes, Bishop Hensley Henson, great Nonconformists such as Dr. Selbie and Dr. L. P. Jacks, and independents like General Booth and Miss Maud Royden. It is a brilliant and penetrating beam he throws on his new subject, the choice of which may possibly provide a clue to the author's identity.

Quis custodiet custodes? Sir W. Robertson Nicoll remarked the other day that never has he set any author right without tripping himself. His slips must be very few, but smaller critics may well fear the finger of Nemesis. Lately on this page I expressed surprise at an allusion to "ensigns" as an existing rank in the British Army. The word occurs in that remarkable novel, "Way of Revelation," and the author, Mr. Wilfrid Ewart, kindly writes to say that the term "ensign" is still used in the Guard regiments. I hope Mr. Ewart has another novel on the way.



AN ENGLISH NOVELIST WHO HAS JUST MADE AN IMMENSE SUCCESS IN AMERICA:

MR. A. S. M. HUTCHINSON, AUTHOR OF "IF WINTER COMES."

Mr. Hutchinson's latest story, "If Winter Comes," was one of the novels of the year that is just over. Its success was even greater in the United States, where it has had an enormous sale. His previous books include "The Clean Heart," "The Happy Warrior," and "Once Aboard the Lugger." Mr. Hutchinson, who is a son of Lieutenant-General H. D. Hutchinson, was born in India. He began his career in medicine, but abandoned it for writing. During the war he served as an officer in the Royal Engineers, and later was with the Army of Occupation in Germany.—[Camera Portrait by E. O. Hoppé.]

old legends, and odd scraps of archæology. Being a modern, Mr. Maxwell took with him young or youngish people, up to any exploit that high spirits and enthusiasm might suggest.

The most delightful episode is the giddy quest for the lost Roman Road of Kent, which the new pilgrims thought they had traced from place-names and parish boundaries. It is a plausible theory, starting from a hint of Mr. Belloc's and arrived at with considerable learning and acumen; but Mr. Maxwell lays no claim to proof. He leaves it to practised archæologists, who will be inclined to ascertain first the date of the parish boundaries in question. It does not appear from the new pilgrims' arguments, given in dramatic form, that they took this precaution. Here is a joyous book by an artist with pen and pencil, for Mr. Maxwell's own illustrations are things of price.

The pilgrims used an overloaded two-seater; the author of another recent book was content to jog along English and Irish roads in a caravan.

BOOKS YOU SHOULD READ

WASHINGTON AND THE HOPE OF PEACE. By H. G. Wells. (Collins. 6s. net.)

In this volume can be read, for the first time in this country, Mr. Wells's articles on the great Conference entirely unexpurgated. They have been supplemented and revised by the author since they first appeared.

AFFAIRS OF MEN. By Marjorie Bowen. (Heath Cranton. 7s. 6d. net.)

Extracts from a number of historical novels by the same author collected together. Although each episode is selected from a work of fiction, no liberties have been taken with the known facts of history.

WILD BUSH TRIBES OF TROPICAL AFRICA. By G. Cyril Claridge. (Seeley, Service and Co. 21s. net.)

An account of adventure and travel amongst pagan people in tropical Africa, with a description of their manner of life, customs, heathenish rites and ceremonies, secret societies, sport, and warfare, collected during a sojourn of twelve years.

A DICTIONARY OF ENGLISH PHRASES: With Explanations and References to Sources and Usage. By A. M. Hyamson. (Routledge. 12s. 6d. net.)

The collection is the result of many years of reading and research in ancient and modern literatures, checked by comparison with all preceding works of reference.

TENNIS, TEA, AND DANCING IN COMBINATION: A SUMMER-LIKE SCENE IN MID-WINTER ON THE SUN-STEEPED RIVIERA.

DRAWN BY STEVEN SPURRIER, R.O.I.



WHERE YOUTH AND BEAUTY FOREGATHER TO ENJOY THE DELIGHTS OF A WINTER HOLIDAY: A THE DANSANT AFTER TENNIS AT A WELL-KNOWN CLUB IN NICE.

The Riviera lures many holiday makers to its sunny shores during the winter season, which is now in full swing. Those who are fortunate enough to be able to escape from the rigours of our northern climate find themselves there in a different world and an atmosphere almost like that of an English summer. The Mozart Club at Nice, of which M. Lenglen (father of Mlle. Lenglen, of lawn-tennis fame) is the secretary, is shortly to be closed for building operations, and

will then move to its other quarters farther out of the town at the Imperial Club. Dancing usually begins after tennis is over in the afternoon. The drawing shows a few enthusiasts lingering on the courts in order to conclude belated games. On a number of other pages in this issue we illustrate the beauties of the Riviera coast.—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

THE UNREST AMONG INDIA'S TEEMING MILLIONS: TYPES OF MANY RACES AND CREEDS IN A VAST COUNTRY.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MAJOR HERBERT INGRAM, SPECIAL PRESS, AND OTHERS.



WITH COINS ON THE SHEET IN FRONT, GIVEN BY PURIFIED PILGRIMS RETURNING FROM A BATHE IN THE GANGES: A HINDU WAYSIDE SHRINE AT HARDWAR (U.P.), NEAR DELHI.



HAIR-CUTTING OUT OF DOORS: A BARBER'S STAND AT DARJEELING.



IN THE SACRED CITY OF BENARES THE MONKEY TEMPLE.



A TYPICAL OLD MOHAMMEDAN CONFECTIONER SELLING KHIR, AND SOME OF HIS CUSTOMERS: A PICTURESQUE GLIMPSE OF DAILY LIFE IN THE STREETS OF DELHI.



A SNAKE-CHARMER OF BENARES: AN ANCIENT PRACTICE IN INDIA, WHERE THE COBRA IS USUALLY THE TYPE OF SNAKE EMPLOYED.



IN A TATTERED ROBE, WITH HOOD AND NECKLACE, AND A BUNCH OF REEDS OR FEATHERS: A MOHAMMEDAN FAKIR AT DELHI.



PAINTED WITH SYMBOLIC DESIGNS: BRAHMAN RELIGIOUS POETS AND VEDANTISTS OF SOUTHERN INDIA, WITH THEIR WRITING MATERIALS, AT WORK.



HOW THE "FRAGRANT WEED" IS ENJOYED IN PARTS OF INDIA: A NATIVE SMOKING AN ELABORATE PIPE AT THE FORT, INDRAPUT, NEAR DELHI.



THE METHODS OF INDIAN CRAFTSMANSHIP IN THE ART OF FASHIONING METAL: BRASS-WORKERS AT JEYPORE (JAIPUR).



SHOWING A PRIMITIVE TYPE OF ROUNDABOUT IN THE BACKGROUND: A SELLER OF RELIGIOUS IMAGES AT A FAIR IN BIHAR.



A SYMBOL OF GHANDI'S BOYCOTT OF FOREIGN FACTORY-MADE CLOTH: AN OLD-FASHIONED SPINNING-WHEEL BROUGHT INTO USE AGAIN IN BIHAR.



NATIVE INDIAN MUSIC: A PERFORMER PLAYING THE SITAR AT A BRAHMIN ENTERTAINMENT IN NORTHERN INDIA.

Reports of unrest in India have been much in the air of late, and the state of affairs has been described by competent observers as giving cause for a certain amount of uneasiness. The two outstanding, and more or less divergent, elements in the recent news from that country have been, on the one hand, glowing accounts of the Prince of Wales's tour, his popularity, and the scenes of loyal enthusiasm which his coming has evoked; on the other, gloomy forebodings regarding the spread of disaffection through the Gandhist movement of non-co-operation. The two personalities—the Prince and Gandhi—typify the situation, and it remains to be seen which of the tendencies they represent will in the end prevail. It is felt that, although Gandhi professes

a policy of non-violence, the results of his preaching are not always peaceful, and he cannot always control his following. Some are apt to forget that India is an enormous territory, and that its people, far from being a single nation, are really a congeries of many races and various religions. A large proportion of them are politically apathetic, and are likely to be swayed by whatever influences are brought to bear upon them at the moment. Hence come apparent inconsistencies. It is always a fanatical few who stir up trouble, as we have seen, for example, in Russia. The above photographs indicate something of the endless variety of Indian life, and show some interesting types of the teeming millions among whom insidious propaganda may stir up discontent.

TRAPPING WILD ELEPHANTS: A *KHEDDAH*, SUCH AS THE PRINCE OF WALES WAS IN THE MIDST OF NEAR MYSORE.

DRAWN BY WARTICK REYNOLDS.



SHOWING THE TYPE OF OBSERVATION POST WHICH THE PRINCE OCCUPIED AMID A STRUGGLING MASS OF WILD ELEPHANTS: THE END OF A DRIVE INTO A *KHEDDAH*.

On Sunday, January 22, the Prince of Wales visited a camp fifty miles from Mysore and witnessed the final operations in the capture of a herd of wild elephants, from a raised platform in the centre of the stockaded enclosure, or *kheddah*, into which they were driven. At one time the struggling mass of elephants on which he looked down was within five yards of him. He stayed two hours watching the drive and the final roping-in of the captured animals among the tame decoys. *Kheddahs* are constructed in forests where timber is plentiful. A narrow entrance is left which can be closed either by a portcullis or abutts, after the herd has been driven in. From this entrance two strong fences are made in a V-shape, and carried to a considerable distance. If the herd once gets within this angle and the beaters act vigorously together, it is not difficult to force the herd within the stockade. Every expedient

is adopted to frighten the elephants and to drive them forward—guns are fired, huge bonfires lighted, tom-toms beaten, and cholera-horns blown. The yelling of the beaters and the trumpeting of the cows, in which the tame elephants join, add to the din. Finding themselves entrapped, the wild elephants create a noise beside which the previous one is as nothing. The captives try to pull down the sides of the stockade, but these are well guarded from outside, and the elephants are repulsed with sharp spears or blazing torches. The next day a party of "koonies" (decoy elephants) and their attendants enter the stockade and surround a captive. The legs are tethered, ropes are thrown around the neck, and the captured animals are removed one by one between two powerful elephants. Towers in strong trees are constructed from which those in authority can watch the capture.—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

THE EGYPTIAN WOMAN ENTERS POLITICS: BOYCOTTS AND BOUQUETS.



WITH THEIR FACES VEILED UP TO THE EYES IN THIN WHITE GAUZE: EGYPTIAN LADIES IN CAIRO CARRYING BOUQUETS FOR PRESENTATION TO POLITICIANS.



WHERE THE "LADIES OF EGYPT" RECENTLY THREATENED TO BOYCOTT EVERYTHING ENGLISH: A DEPUTATION OF THE EGYPTIAN LADIES' COMMITTEE TO POLITICIANS AT THEIR HOTEL IN CAIRO.

An interesting feature of the situation in Egypt is the emergence of women from domestic seclusion into the arena of politics. The "Times" stated recently: "We have received a telegram, dated Cairo, January 21, and signed on behalf of the 'ladies of Egypt' by Hoda Chaaraoui, threatening that unless certain conditions, which are set forth at length, are complied with, the ladies of Egypt will boycott everything that is English—merchandise, merchants, artisans, functionaries, doctors, pharmacists, dentists, and so on." On the 23rd, Zaghlul's Delegation (the Wafd) issued a manifesto outlining a scheme for the boycott of British goods and British

society. The signatories were arrested and some papers which published it were suspended. Egyptian women of the upper class wear a wide-sleeved silk cloak, the barku, or veil, a long strip of muslin covering the whole face except the eyes, and the habara, a black silk mantle. On January 29 the Foreign Office announced that Lord Allenby had been summoned from Egypt to advise upon the situation, and that the Government were ready to recognise Egypt's sovereign status, with an Egyptian Parliament, on condition of effective guarantees as to Imperial communications, British protection of foreigners in Egypt, and safeguards against foreign aggression.

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THE WORLD OF WOMEN.

NEW evening frocks occupy an important place in the immediate concerns of everyone who expects an invitation to Princess Mary's wedding. For once in a way, even a distinguished soldier and more than millionaire bridegroom is frequently regarded as simply *raison d'être* for this great excitement, and is seldom mentioned in connection with his own wedding. This, I am told, is quite to his mind; for the fact that he is marrying the only daughter of the King-Emperor of the greatest dominions on earth seems to him to justify the back seat in the imagination of the people which he quite comfortably occupies in his own. His great thought is to devote himself, and all he has, to secure Princess Mary's happiness.

To return to the dresses, these are the subject of careful study on the part of the great modistes, male and female. An earlier descent than usual has been made upon Paris, and early spring models are even now arriving. Designers have had to set to work for England first, instead of for America. This does not trouble them; they will be ready for all comers, and especially for their London buyers, whom they esteem very greatly. Not alone frocks, but beautiful coats, cloaks, and capes have to be provided. Also it is rather a trial to designers accustomed to artificial light to get their effects to secure them in daylight. It will be done, and the few models I have seen promise that it will be done remarkably well. They were of soft brocade of neutral colour, with really splendid designs in metallic tones, and draped with lace dyed to match the dresses. There was in each case

I read in a French paper that there is no longer any fashion, that anarchy is rife in dress land. I think it is rather that chaos is the fashion, and has been for so long that we may confidently look for a return to order. It will be slow; also, in my humble opinion, sure. There was chaos in music: Richard Strauss's descent from the delicious music of "The Rose Cavalier" to remarkable riots of hardly controlled noise that filled Covent Garden with amazed and bewildered audiences who, not knowing how to classify the riot of sound, acclaimed it clever, was an example, and jazz bands' popularity another; chaos in colour and form when the Cubists broke out into pictures said to be works of genius because no one knew what they were meant to depict, and everyone knew that genius was akin to madness; chaos in morals when the Hun hate broke out; chaos in drama, chaos in musical comedy, chaos in finance, chaos in politics, chaos everywhere—and most people exulting in the general chaos caused by change. Now we are beginning to evolve order out of it. It will not be long before we have definite, classifiable fashions again, and the sooner the better.

The modes of the moment are quite nice, because the one thing that woman will not reduce to chaos is her own appearance. There is, however, no ruling in style or form or even colour, and latterly we have been a sombre sex. Very soon now the dates of the pre-Easter Courts will be announced, and dress for them will become an important question. No one, *débutante* or matron, will go to Court with scanty skirts barely covering knees. There will be directions at the Lord Chamberlain's Office as to this, not differing from those of the first Court without trains. As there were no Courts last year, those who have forgotten details can refresh their memories, and will do well to do so with regard also to Royal Wedding dresses.

The Duke of Atholl will act as Lord Chamberlain for the first time in public at the Royal Wedding, when he will wear a 'golden key' in semblance of his office on one side of his dark-blue gold-embroidered levée dress, with its white satin knee-breeches and white silk stockings. The Duke's good Scots legs are more accustomed to the swing of the kilt. The Duchess of Atholl is a very clever and attractive-looking little lady, with an oval-shaped face, beautiful large dark eyes, dark hair, and a creamy complexion. In music she is very gifted, having inherited from her mother, the late Lady Ramsay of Banff, musical talents as composer and executant of a very high order. The Duchess has the LL.D. degree, and is a D.B.E. also. Her step-sister, Mrs. Butler, widow of the late Master of Trinity, was the most distinguished scholar of her day. The Duchess's father, Sir James Ramsay of Banff, is ninety this year. Her mother, who was his second wife, was one of the most fascinating and lovely women of the late Victorian period; also, in music, literature, and art, one of the most highly cultivated.

The death of the Pope came very suddenly on the Roman Catholic community. Audiences from the Pope and receptions by his Holiness have always deeply interested women, whether of the Catholic denomination or not. Dress for these was not what intrigued them, for they have to wear black to the throat and to the wrists, and a mantilla with the comb which its proper draping necessitates, so that costumes at the Vatican were monotonous, sombre, and uniform. The late Pope was always very courteous to women, and, although he was small in stature, he had a very fine head, well-cut features, and beautiful eyes. I have never known a woman who was received by him who was not greatly impressed and on whom his personality did not leave a good influence.

Up to now the Riviera has been far from crowded, and the natives look upon their season with grim faces. February is, of course, the zenith of the good time there, and a very great influx of people is expected this month. I hear that up to the third week

of January the Casino had a deficit of 2,000,000 francs. The hotels were about half full, a friend

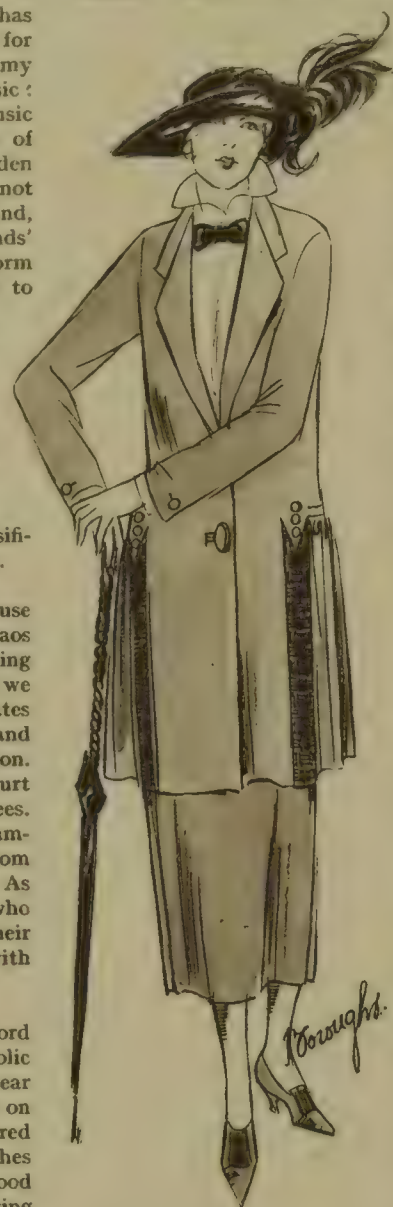
wrote to me, and that never before had he received such attention at his, which was equipped for about 250 people, and in it were only 100. He also said that there had been a great clearance from Cannes after the Conference, and that Mentone was half empty. His opinion was that this is all the effect of a general boycott caused by the very high prices of the past two seasons. This month King Carnival reigns, and things will improve, no doubt. If he is right about the cause, it shows how absurd is the policy of squeezing money out of people at a time when literally no one feels rich.

From Swiss winter sports resorts I hear very much the same report. Hotels just about half full. There the best time of year is past. The snow stayed away until too late for the Christmas holiday people; and I heard from a woman who had made considerable sacrifice to send her girl out with two cousins, that dire disappointment was their lot, and

that the people at their particular resort who were spending freely, and rather boisterously enjoying themselves openly and unashamed, were Germans! It is an ill winter that brings nobody good, and British money spent in Britain is no bad thing. Even here we had, within twenty miles of London, a brief and mild experience of winter sports. One night we were tobogganing by moonlight until after midnight. It was not exactly a "Cresta," but it was a run down a Surrey hill, and a good long one. The unusualness of it added to the enjoyment, and a cosy home supper to finish was quite as pleasant and much merrier than hot drinks and sandwiches at a Swiss hotel.

The Marquess of Waterford, who came of age recently, had a ten years' minority. He is a great-grandson of the Duchess of Abercorn who was called the mother of the British Peerage, as Queen Victoria was called mother of the Kings of Europe. Conditions have changed, but the young Marquess is connected with many illustrious houses. Lord Clonmore, only child of the Earl of Wicklow, who will come of age next year, is his cousin, so is the Marquess of Hartington and the Marquess of Blandford. It would run into much space to state all his great connections. His step-father, Lord Osborne de Vere Beauclerk, is heir-presumptive to his step-brother's Dukedom of St. Albans; and the Marquess and Marchioness of Lansdowne are his grandparents on his mother's side. It was at the wedding of his father that the old Duke of Beaufort, who was grandfather to the bridegroom, appeared in St. George's, Hanover Square, wearing a blue coat with gilt buttons, and a buff waistcoat across which was the ribbon of the Garter. It was the blue and buff of the Beaufort Hunt.

A. E. J.



A TRIM SUIT.

Made of navy gabardine and trimmed with black silk braid and buttons, it comes from Penberthy, in Oxford Street.



THE REIGN OF THE LOW WAIST-LINE.

In spite of the extreme freedom which prevails in the world of fashion at the moment, there can be no doubt as to the predominance of the low waist-line. The dress on the left is a perfectly plain yellow charmeuse, the only trimming on it being turquoise and diamanté buckles placed on either side of the low belt. The other frock is of georgette, with chrysanthemums made of the same material in guise of a belt.

a distinct catch-up of drapery at the back of the left hip—in one instance the right one; and in some instances fur was introduced.

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Subscribed Capital	- - - - -	38,117,103

LIABILITIES :

Paid-up Capital	- - - - -	10,860,852
Reserve Fund	- - - - -	10,860,852
Current, Deposit & other Accounts (including Profit Balance)	- - - - -	376,578,579
Acceptances and Engagements	- - - - -	19,848,322

ASSETS :

Coin, Notes and Balances with Bank of England	- - - - -	59,989,012
Balances with, and Cheques in course of Collection on other Banks in the United Kingdom	- - - - -	12,802,707
Money at Call and Short Notice	- - - - -	11,651,497
Investments	- - - - -	56,758,808
Bills Discounted	- - - - -	72,118,034
Advances to Customers & other Accounts	- - - - -	176,779,261
Liabilities of Customers for Acceptances and Engagements	- - - - -	19,848,322
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SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

THE MIGRATIONS OF BIRDS.

THE migrations of animals, and of birds in particular, have aroused the curiosity and stimulated the imagination of men, both civilised and savage, from time immemorial. Poets and philosophers have vied with one another in attempts to



TO THOSE EMPLOYEES WHO FELL IN THE WAR: THE HOLBORN COUNCIL MEMORIAL UNVEILED BY THE MAYOR. [Photograph by Photopress.]

explain these strange, recurrent wanderings, but the sum of their efforts has not, up to the present, carried us far. Nevertheless, their attempts to solve this great riddle are not to be regarded lightly. Extravagant and improbable as many of their theories undoubtedly were, they served at least to keep before the world the need for a satisfying explanation.

Though it be possible to point out writers of a hundred years ago who were discerning men, no really serious attempt to grapple with the problem was made till 1878, when an organised scheme was put in force to make use of our lightships and light-

houses, as observation stations, with the consent of the Admiralty. And this scheme owed its inception to the lead given by Gätke, on Heligoland. He was the pioneer of modern methods. His sensational figures of the vast numbers of birds which circled, spellbound, round the glare of the lighthouse lamps during nights when there was a slight fog or drizzle, and of the appalling numbers of these winged wanderers which, striking the glass, fell dead or wounded into the sea, excited world-wide astonishment and dismay. For more than half a century observations on the lines laid down by Gätke have been industriously, not to say laboriously, made and tabulated, yielding us a rich harvest of facts.

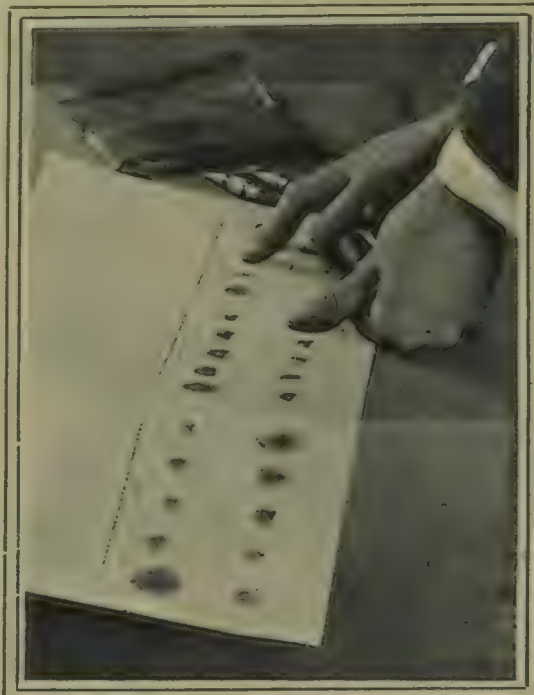
But there were serious gaps in the information thus collected. It told us much of multitudes, but nothing of individuals. While it gave us good reason to believe that every individual, in the vast multitude of any given species, returning on the spring migration to our shores for breeding purposes, had a destination, and was no haphazard wanderer, it afforded no direct proof. To-day we seem to be in a fair way towards great discoveries. And this by way of the "bird-marking" scheme conceived by Mr. C. H. Mortensen, of Viborg, Denmark. His plan was to attach metal rings to the legs of nestlings and adults of migratory species breeding in Denmark, and to await news of their capture wherever this might occur. In 1909, Mr. Mortensen's example was followed by British ornithologists. The great task was begun, on really scientific lines, almost simultaneously by the Aberdeen University in Scotland and by Mr. H. F. Witherby in England. By the latter, and an enthusiastic band of helpers, over one hundred thousand birds have now been ringed.

Dr. A. Landesborough Thomson was responsible for most of the work done in Aberdeen, at any rate until the outbreak of the war; and he has recently published an extremely able and lucid survey of what has so far been accomplished. He insists that the most extreme caution must be displayed in drawing deductions from the data so far collected, for the number of marked birds which have been recovered is small, and the factors governing their movements are necessarily, as yet at any rate, obscure.

A lengthy analysis of his report can interest none but those immediately engaged in the task of ringing birds. But there are one or two items which show that this scheme is full of promise. Two adult spotted flycatchers, for example, were caught on their nests near Edinburgh, and ringed. They were recaptured at the same place a year later. And he cites three similar instances of the return of swallows. That swallows return to their old nests year after year, it may be urged, is common knowledge. Yet

this conclusion just fell short of certainty. It was assumed that the same individuals returned. We can now be something like certain of this because each of the wanderers bore his duly registered label.

As a result of his study of the facts so far gleaned Dr. Thomson urges that promiscuous marking has now had a sufficient trial in the British Isles; and that we should derive more profit by a definite plan of concentrated action. That is to say, he would select one or two species for intensive study, such, for example, as the lapwing. And all marking should be confined to breeding birds in definite areas—say the north of Scotland, the south of England, Ireland, Holland, a district of France, and a district of Norway.



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Photograph by I.B.

In addition to the lapwing, one might profitably take the mallard, swallow, spotted flycatcher and cuckoo. W. P. PYCRAFT.



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THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

The Effect of Motor Taxation.

We are now beginning to see the full effect of the present system of motor-car taxation, which was conceived in error and hurried into practice without due and proper consideration of anything save the amount of money that could be squeezed from the pockets of the motorist. Considerably over ten millions sterling were produced by the taxes during 1921, against anticipations of slightly over eight millions, yet there is to be no relief—or, at least, so we are told by the powers that be. Last year the scheme was novel, and people, though they complained bitterly enough, paid the tax and used their cars. Now we are confronted with another example of the fact that excessive taxation defeats itself. Instead of paying up, many hundreds of car-owners have laid up their vehicles and will not use them until the current quarter has expired. Thus the revenue will suffer substantial loss from this cause alone. But the matter goes much deeper than that: every car which is thus put out of use means loss of business to those who supply petrol, oil, and the hundred and one accessories which are necessary to the satisfactory running of the car. This again means more unemployment and increased payments in respect of "doles," while the garage-keeper loses profit, and thus has less to pay in income tax. All round, therefore, the excessive taxation of motoring is hitting business, and doing actual harm to the revenue of the country.

Even this is not the end, because taxation is producing a very marked effect on the manufacturing trade. It has made the selling of cars a seasonal business, divided into four separate and distinct periods of the year. People will not take delivery of cars in the middle of a quarter, and thus manufacturers find themselves stocked up with finished cars which nobody will accept, and which the makers are compelled to hold over until a quarter has expired. This means enormous capital sums locked up unproductively, and business is hampered to an extent no one outside the motor industry would believe without first-hand evidence in confirmation. Yet in face of all the known evils of this present blundering system, I cannot discern any signs of the whole of the motoring organisations getting together to make a real fight against a mode of taxation which is wreaking untold



MOTORING IN PICTURESQUE SOMERSET: A 16-20-H.P. RUSTON-HORNSBY OF THE LATEST TYPE, BESIDE A QUAIN OLD BRIDGE IN THE VILLAGE OF BRANDISH STREET.

harm on one of our greatest industries, to say nothing of the vexation and annoyance it causes to the car-owner. This is not merely a question of a section of



A FAMOUS COVENTRY FIRM'S NEW LONDON PREMISES: HUMBER HOUSE, NEW BOND STREET.

Messrs. Humber, Ltd., have established their new West-End show-rooms and export department at Humber House, 94, New Bond Street, illustrated in the above photograph.

the community which feels itself aggrieved by a system it dislikes. It has, as I have endeavoured to point out, far graver effects on the trade of the country than most people realise, and unless some modification is made, and that before long, there must ensue a wholesale closing down of many once-flourishing manufacturing firms; while the effect on the smaller retail concerns, upon which motoring so much depends, must be well-nigh incalculable.

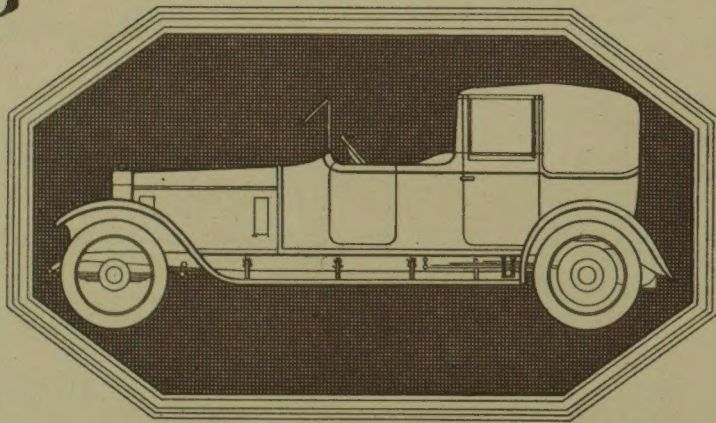
Bond Street is becoming the fashionable headquarters of the motor trade. I do not know offhand how many of the leading firms now have show-rooms there, but it is quite a number, and to these must now be added the name of Humbers.

Last week they inaugurated their new premises, which have been taken because of the gravitation of the trade westwards. It is not a little curious to trace the trend of the business and the shifting incidence of trade from one quarter of London to another. In the early days of motoring, Long Acre was the headquarters of the industry. Gradually the business moved farther west, and Great Portland Street was easily the favourite locality. It is still, in so far as the number of motor firms doing business there is concerned, but it is becoming more the headquarters of the light-car business than anything else. Now the Bond Street district is coming into the lead, and most of the best firms are located there. Within a stone's-throw of the famous thoroughfare, and within it, we have Rolls-Royce, Fiat, Armstrong-Siddeley, Lanchester, Talbot-Darracq, Voisin, Mors, and several other concerns which are among the leaders of the industry. Now Humbers have followed the fashion, and have acquired show-rooms which are to the full worthy of the reputation the house has gained through years of successful business. That reputation stands high, and deservedly so, because the Humber motto has always been to hasten slowly, and to make no changes in design which have not been proved to the hilt by careful experiment and exhaustive trial. Speaking of this commendable point of policy, one cannot at the same time help recalling that in the history of Humbers have been incidents to show they have never allowed that policy to stand in the way of pioneer progress. Few, I imagine, realise that it was Humbers who really fathered the "light car," which is such a

[Continued overleaf.]

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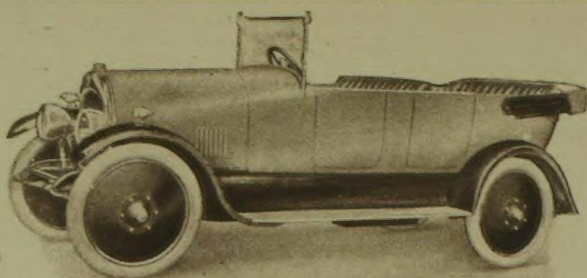
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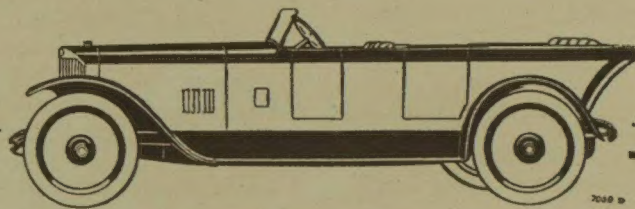
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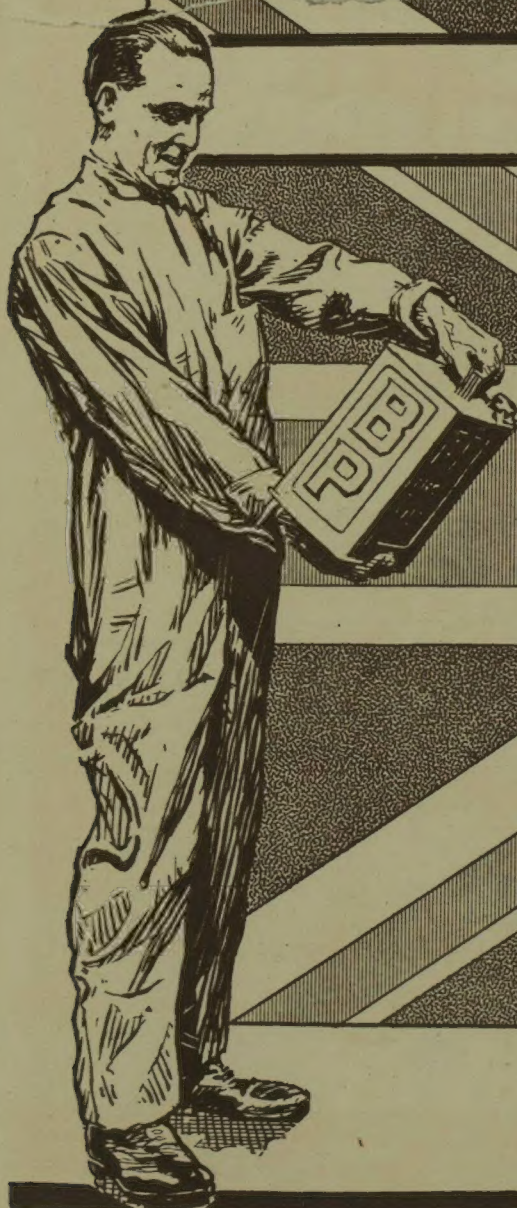
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Continued.
favourite to-day. It is so, however. In 1903 I recollect sketching in the pages of a technical journal my ideal of what the car of the future would be. It was at the time a daring enough conception, for my car was to be of about 10 h.p., with four-cylinder engine, and with most of the characteristics of the "light" car. I had almost forgotten it when, some eight or nine months later, I visited the old Humber works in Coventry, and was shown a carefully sheeted car which even the directors, I was told, had not yet seen in its completed state. It was the first four-cylinder 8 h.p. car ever made, and, I believe, the first car designed by Mr. Coatalen. My ideal had materialised so far as the knowledge of those days would allow!

W. W.

Regarding the portrait (in our issue of Jan. 21) of Dr. Fry, Dean of Lincoln, who has appealed to his "old boys" to help in repairing the cathedral, a correspondent points out that we omitted to mention that he was Headmaster of Berkhamsted School for over twenty years (1887 to 1910). According to "Who's Who," he was previously "Master at Durham School, 1868-70; Cheltenham College, 1870-83; Headmaster of Oundle School, 1883-84." The number of "old boys" to whom Dr. Fry can appeal must, therefore, be very large.

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THE PLAYHOUSES.

"THE BAT." AT THE ST. JAMES'S.

"CROOK" plays seem an American specialty, and each fresh importation has the air of reaching the limit in ingenuity and the piling up of excitement. Until it is beaten in these respects by something "curiouser" still, the palm must go to "The Bat," with which Mary Roberts Rinehart and Avery Hopwood are just now providing thrills for St. James's audiences. All crook plays revel in stage darkness, and the authors of this piece have devised a clever reason for the frequent extinction of their lighting apparatus, in their supposition that the local electrical supply works are out of order; but you may be sure that whenever the lamps go out dark deeds are being done, and that when the single candle on which reliance is then had comes to be lit something violent has happened and something more violent is preparing. Outside the house on which your attention is fastened there is the play of lightning and the roll of thunder; inside, its tenant, a self-possessed maiden lady, sits tight, despite threatening messages which relate to a hoard of stolen dollars hidden in a secret room of the place, and merely summons by telephone the aid of a detective. It is rumoured that a famous criminal, the "Bat," is after the treasure, and when the detective starts questioning those in the house, only to be baffled, and a whirl of wild events ensues, you wonder whether the "Bat" is there already and which is his masquerade. There is a Japanese butler, for instance, odd-looking and speaking in monosyllables. There is a cashier whose bank has been robbed. There is a young woman in a conspicuous frock whom you could absolutely vow commits murder. There is a doctor who suddenly assaults, gags, and handcuffs the detective and stows him away. There is a mysterious stranger who enters by the window injured and with his wits astray. And, apart from the detective and a droll maid-servant, there is

Miss Cornelia, the tenant herself, who goes about calmly doing her own little bit of detective work.

"THE NIGHT CAP." AT THE DUKE OF YORK'S.

It was only fitting that with plays of the type of "The Bat" swamping our stage, or at least sharing supremacy with revue and musical comedy, the production of this work should synchronise with that of a downright burlesque of "crook" melodrama. "The Night Cap," yet another American effort, begins with all the materials of the genre it is to travesty. Murder is done, but it is the wrong man who is shot, and from that time onwards the machinery with which we are so familiar is given a farcical twist.

NEW GRAND GUIGNOL SERIES AT THE LITTLE.

The *pièce de résistance* of the new Grand Guignol bill at the Little Theatre does not come off, despite one or two good moments of acting. Taken from the French of Robert Francheville, "The Regiment" deals with the revenge taken by an ill-treated Pole on a German regiment, in which the realism of what has actually come before their eyes makes playgoers feel too sick to exercise their imagination at the close. "The Regiment" is one of Mr. Levy's mistakes. The other plays are by English authors. "Amends," from the pen of Mr. Crawshaw Williams, represents a woman helping a social wreck out of the world, and has as its only recommendation Mr. George Bealby's clever study of a man who has gone downhill. The author makes "amends" in "Cupboard Love," a rather naughty but most ingenious comedy, which leaves us wondering whether relations between the man who was locked in the cupboard of an hotel bedroom and the lady who thus punished an intruder were quite what they seemed. "Changing Guard," by W. G. Nott-Bower, overdoes sentimentality in its picture of a dying or supposed to be dying child. In marked contrast is the grimness of Mr. Stanley Logan's public-house drama, "De Mortuis"; low-class types are mordantly portrayed, but farce, perhaps, is too much mixed up with melodrama.

TOWNSMEN AND SOUTH AFRICAN FARMING.

The great spaces of the Veld are being developed. Farming is increasing there. It is attracting a remarkable community, all men of substance, many of them from the Services, commerce, and the other professions.

Far inland or near the sea, on the open plains and at the foot of mountain ranges, those townsmen are building homes and starting new careers to win a living from the land. It is a sign of the times.

Nowhere is that sign more heartening than in the valleys of the Union of SOUTH AFRICA. Almost untenanted a few years ago, some of those sunnycumclimated valleys are now being closely settled, and will become highly productive when the man-made lakes are completed for irrigating the rich soil. Given water, almost anything will grow luxuriantly on that soil. The water will be there. Large capital is being spent to ensure that.

Meanwhile, in preparation, all is activity. Bush is being cleared, land is being ploughed, levelled and got ready for crops; brick kilns are providing material for houses, and on every side the new-comers are planning and building, not without difficulties and cares; yet hopefully for the future.

A number of the new homes have been completed in some of the valleys. Well-built brick houses, some gabled, some double-storied, many with tiled roofs, all comfortably appointed. Soon they will be embowered in gardens, and shaded by trees, for when the water comes growth will be rapid.

Whatever of difficulty the future may hold for those builders, they will at least have pleasant homes. And in the years to come, when fields and orchards stretch for miles below those homes, there will be all the pioneer's pride in work not only well but probably profitably done.

Then, in the cool of the African night, when from the foliaged residential heights they view their valley, with its twinkling lights from scores of similar homes, those builders from the towns, who had the courage and capital to restart on the land, will find contentment in their work and valley. It will be home in the highest sense—a valley essentially rural yet with plenty of social amenities within reach. For as a new-comer recently said of his valley: "From one end to the other, the society is as good as one could desire." Capital, not less than £2,000, is necessary for a start.

Full particulars of the position and prospect, and of the facilities in South Africa for obtaining training and guidance, should in the first instance be obtained from the Office of the High Commissioner for the Union of SOUTH AFRICA Trafalgar Square, London, W.C.2.



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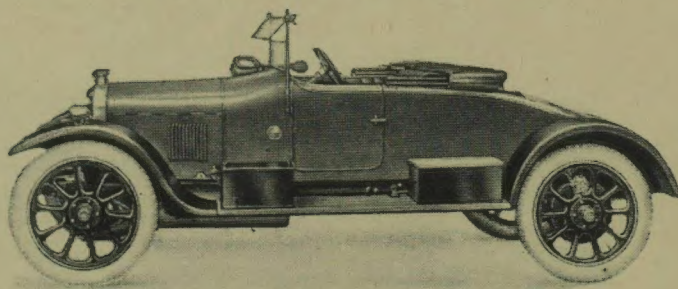
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